SOMETHING NEW:

OR,

ADVENTURES

AT

CAMPBELL-HOUSE.

1099

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY ANNE PLUMPTRE.

Man is but man, inconſtant ſtill and various;
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day!
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honeſtly the preſent hour,
The next a ſwarm of baſe ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft.

DRYDEN.

VOL. II.

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TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI

Serfojee Rajah 1827

1099

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL TANJORE

SOMETHING NEW,

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-Houſe, September 2.

OH! St. John! I am at length in poſſeſſion of Harriot Belgrave's ſtory. Read, and wonder.

Her father was an officer in the Eaſt India Company's ſervice, and had amaſſed a tolerable fortune, with which he was coming over to ſettle in England. But very imprudently truſting the whole of his property on board the ſame ſhip, the ſavings of many years were all loſt in one

luckleſs moment. In a violent ſtorm the veſſel went to the bottom, and with it foundered Captain Belgrave's golden hopes of paſſing the remainder of his days in an eaſy tranquility, in the boſom of his family. But to conſole him for this loſs, ſoon after his return to England, by the death of a diſtant relation, whoſe youth and excellent conſtitution gave little reaſon to expect a fate ſo premature, he inherited a conſiderable eſtate in Ireland, which promiſed to place him once more in affluence, and preclude the neceſſity of his making another voyage to India, to repair his former imprudence.

Not having any determined place of reſidence, he, with Mrs. Belgrave and Harriot, their only child, then about ſeventeen years of age, went to Bath, with the idea of ſettling there, ſhould they find it a place ſuited to their habits and diſpoſitions. But they had not been there many weeks, before they received the diſagreeable intelligence of their right to the Iriſh eſtate

being

being contested by a person who claimed to be nearer of kin to the deceased, than Captain Belgrave, consequently, as the deceased had died without a will, to be the legal heir.

Captain Belgrave's immediate presence in Ireland thus became indispensably necessary, though it happened at a moment when it was peculiarly distressing to him to be separated from his family. Mrs. Belgrave had been so unfortunate as to break her leg in a very dreadful manner, and from the effects of this accident, great apprehensions were entertained for her life; thus the Captain was forced to leave her, under the agonizing impression that perhaps the very next post after his arrival at Dublin might bring him the account of her death.

From the first intimation he had received of this affair, he was led strongly to suspect that the whole business was a combination of iniquity, and the more he in-

vestigated the matter, the more fully was he confirmed in his suspicions. The claimant was a man in a very indigent situation, who was known indeed to belong to the family, but who had always been considered as of so very remote a branch that there were many others besides Captain Belgrave, whose claims to the estate would have superseded his; besides, from his poverty it was obvious that he could not support his claim himself, but that he must be supported in it by others. In fact, it plainly appeared that the man was entirely instigated to the business by a rascally lawyer, who was to be well paid for his roguery if his client should at last get possession of the fortune. Nor was this all. It appeared too almost equally certain that the lawyer was supported by a Peer, who had long been at variance with the Belgrave family from an opposition of interests in electioneering concerns, and who joyfully embraced this opportunity of gratifying a

paltry

paltry pique, though his malice fell upon one who could not poſſibly have had any ſhare in the offence given.

In conſequence of this conviction, Captain Belgrave one day, when he was particularly exaſperated againſt the Peer, by ſome freſh circumſtances relative to the affair which had juſt then come to his knowledge, very indiſcreetly threw out many very ſevere reflexions upon him for connecting himſelf with ſuch a dirty fellow as the lawyer, who, he ſaid, deſerved to be kicked out of ſociety by every body that pretended to call himſelf a gentleman. All this was faithfully reported to his Lordſhip by one of thoſe good-natured perſons whoſe chief occupation it is to ſet others at variance—his noble blood was fired at the relation—a challenge was inſtantly ſent to the Captain—they fought, and the Captain received a wound in his ſide, of which he died in a few days.

A ſituation of more complicated miſery than Harriot's at that moment can, perhaps, ſcarcely be conceived. Her father's life thus fatally thrown away—her mother ſtill confined by her accident, and her recovery rendered even more doubtful than ever by this additional weight of ſorrow—while, from the ſituation of their affairs, it was probable that they were deſtitute of every means of ſupport, and that at a time when the ſtate of Mrs. Belgrave's health neceſſarily occaſioned them many and heavy additional expences. This, altogether, formed ſuch an accumulation of calamity, as muſt probably have overpowered a mind inclined, like Harriot's, to exceſs of ſenſibility, had ſhe not, in the midſt of her ſorrows, found a moſt unexpected ſource of conſolation in the kindneſs of ſome friends, attracted to her merely by the knowledge of her misfortunes.

Not many days after Captain Belgrave's departure, a gentleman and lady, with their ſon,

ſon, took lodgings in the very ſame houſe where Harriot and her mother reſided. A hint from the miſtreſs of the houſe, that one of her lodgers had been for ſome time in great danger from the effects of an accident, occaſioned the lady to enquire farther particulars reſpecting them, and when ſhe heard the whole ſtory, ſhe immediately became deeply intereſted for the ſufferers, and ſent them, through the landlady, the kindeſt offers of rendering them any aſſiſtance in her power. Harriot, in conſequence, the firſt minute that ſhe could ſpare from her mother's bed-ſide, waited upon the lady to make her perſonal acknowledgements for her kindneſs, when her artleſs and pleaſing manners fixed irrevocably the intereſt her ſituation had at firſt excited. A conſtant intercourſe between the two parties commenced from that moment, and by the relief Harriot thus found for her ſorrows, ſhe was enabled the more effectually to bear up againſt them. Nor was the kindneſs of theſe friends confined

to mere words of conſolation. Underſtanding the ſtate in which Mrs. Belgrave's affairs were left at the Captain's death, they made her the offer of any pecuniary aſſiſtance ſhe might want, and were conſtantly attentive to procuring for her numerous little comforts which ſhe would have been ſcrupulous of providing for herſelf, yet which were very eſſential to her recovery.

With the account of Captain Belgrave's death, came a ſummons to his widow and daughter to repair to Dublin with all poſſible expedition; and accordingly, as ſoon as Mrs. Belgrave was able to undertake the voyage, they ſet out. The friends to whom they were ſo much indebted quitted Bath a few days before them, and the two families ſeparated with the warmeſt expreſſions of gratitude on one ſide, and reiterated aſſurances of continued friendſhip on the other. The lady gave Harriot a ſtrict injunction to write to her frequently, with particular accounts of her mother's health and her own, and of the probable

termination

termination of the unpleaſant affair that occaſioned their journey.

But the compaſſion which in the breaſts of the father and mother had excited only a ſtrong friendſhip for Harriot, and an earneſt anxiety for her welfare, created a much more tender intereſt in the boſom of the ſon. His ſituation under the ſame roof with the object of his devotion, afforded him many opportunities for private converſation with her, and of theſe he availed himſelf ſo well, that he ſoon had the ſatisfaction of finding his paſſion returned with equal fervour. Both young, ardent, and enthuſiaſtic, their whole ſouls were abſorbed in each other, and hours ſeemed to paſs but as moments, as they exchanged their vows of unalterable love and conſtancy. The young man, however, frankly told Harriot, that he knew his father had other views for him, conſequently that ſkilful management would be neceſſary in the diſcloſure of his own wiſhes. Yet, he ſaid, he could not but

flatter himſelf that if matters were not precipitated, they might ultimately be brought about, to the ſatisfaction of all parties, and he be bleſſed with the only object who could ever make him happy. He entreated Harriot in the mean time to write to him very frequently, as he ſaid her letters alone could enable him to ſupport the many dreadful hours of ſuſpence to which he muſt look forward; and he inſtructed her how the letters might be ſent, ſo as to preclude all danger of their correſpondence being detected.

In compliance with theſe injunctions both of the mother and ſon, Harriot, immediately on her arrival at Dublin, wrote long letters to each, pouring out profuſely to the latter ſuch pure effuſions of artleſs affection, as their relative ſituations ſeemed fully to authoriſe. To theſe ſhe received no anſwer, but ſhe nevertheleſs ſoon wrote again to both. Still no anſwers came; however, as ſhe knew the uncertainty of winds and waves, this appeared

peared not ſtrange, and while ſhe could not abſolutely controul her impatience, ſhe yet almoſt chid herſelf for yielding to it. A fortnight thus paſſed on, ſhe became uneaſy, yet ſtill ſhe endeavoured to perſuade herſelf that all was right, and that the ſo much wiſhed-for letters, though long delayed, would come at laſt. She wrote once more both to the mother and ſon, regretting that ſhe had not heard from England ſince her arrival, expreſſing her apprehenſions that letters muſt have failed, and entreating that ſhe might hear from them without delay. With anxious longing did ſhe watch the arrival of every packet, ſtill expecting that each in ſucceſſion would put an end to her torments; but ſhe watched, alas! in vain—no letters arrived; till at length, unable any longer to delude herſelf with hope, ſhe yielded to the fatal conviction that ſhe was forgotten both by her lover and her friend, and ſunk for a while into that ſtate of deſpondency which was the inevitable conſequence of

a conclufion fo fatal. From that time to this fhe has never heard any thing of the family but by common report, and all fhe knows concerning them is, that the father and mother both died within a year after her acquaintance with them, and that the fon has turned out fuch a profligate, that his defertion of her muft be confidered as a fubject of thankfulnefs, not of regret.

For the reft, as the affair of the eftate was referred to Chancery, Mrs. Belgrave was fatisfied that a fpeedy decifion was a thing not to be expected. She well knew the tedious nature of proceedings in that court, and that the fuit might not improbably be protracted even beyond the life of either herfelf or her daughter, efpecially as the affair was rendered ftill more intricate by the death of Captain Belgrave, and the validity of a will he made on his death-bed, by which he bequeathed the eftate to Harriot, fubject to a jointure for her mother's life, being contefted. From this, therefore, nothing was to be hoped, and it

became

became neceffary that fhe and Harriot fhould feek fome other means of fubfiftence. Perhaps this neceffity was a fortunate circnmftance for the latter, fince nothing lefs might have proved fufficient to roufe her from the ftate of morbid melancholy in which fhe had been funk by her lover's falfehood.

As their prefence in Ireland was not likely to accelerate the determination of the law-fuit, they had no motive for remaining there, and they therefore refolved upon returning into England, where it was their idea to endeavour to eftablifh themfelves in a fchool. This plan Mrs. Belgrave immediately mentioned to General Campbell, with whom fhe had always lived on terms of intimacy, requefting his opinion as to the general expediency of it, and if he thought it eligible, his advice in what part of the kingdom they had beft fettle. This letter found the General in great affliction for the lofs of his wife, who had died not many days before, and Mrs. Belgrave's being in want of a fituation, fuggefted to him the idea of

 pro-

propofing her coming to live with him as miftrefs of the houfe, and fuperintendant of the education of his daughter, till fhe fhould be old enough to prefide in the place of her deceafed mother. This was a propofal too acceptable to be refufed, and Mrs. Belgrave, with her daughter, in a very fhort time became inmates at Campbell-Houfe.

In this fituation they both conducted themfelves with fuch propriety, and the General and Olivia became fo warmly attached to them, that when the propofed limits for their ftay expired, they could not bear the idea of parting with them again. Senfible, however, that the change which muft take place in Mrs. Belgrave's fituation, in becoming only a gueft in a houfe where fhe had fo lately been miftrefs, might be a little revolting to her feelings, fome delicacy feemed requifite in propofing fuch a fcheme. In the firft place then, to leave the matter as much as poffible to her own free choice, the General refolved to arrange pecuniary concerns with her in fuch

a way

a way, that her continuance with him ſhould be no object of convenience to herſelf upon that ground, and he therefore added another hundred pounds a year to an annuity of two hundred; which it had been previouſly ſtipulated ſhe was to receive at her quitting him, and to Harriot he preſented three thouſand pounds. Then making known his own and his daughter's wiſh that they ſhould continue to live together, he requeſted her to take the matter into her ſerious conſideration, aſſuring her, that if ſhe ſhould determine on not complying with their wiſhes, though they might regret, they ſhould not be offended at her determination.

Mrs. Belgrave indeed ſtrongly felt that this was an affair of extreme delicacy, and one which required ample conſideration. Experience had taught her, that connections like that offered to her choice, however they might for a while paſs on ſmoothly and amicably, often terminated in petty diſcontents and jealouſies, if not in ſettled and deep-rooted averſion; and

ſhe

ſhe many times queſtioned herſelf whether or not it would be juſtifiable in her to put ſuch friendſhip as ſhe and her daughter had received from the General and Olivia to ſo great a hazard. On the other ſide, after five years paſſed in uninterrupted harmony and happineſs under the General's roof, and the conviction ſo long an experience had given her of his excellent domeſtic qualities, his benevolent, cheerful, and ſocial diſpoſition, and ſtill more how truly amiable and affectionate was the heart of his daughter, it ſeemed almoſt criminal to doubt the continuance of their happineſs, and to think of a ſeparation in oppoſition to the wiſhes of perſons to whom ſhe was ſo deeply bound in gratitude.

Thus yielding a little to judgment, and a great deal more to feeling, ſhe at length conſented to remain at Campbell-Houſe, —a deciſion ſhe has never for a moment had reaſon to repent. Not a ſingle ſpark of jealouſy, or the remoteſt tendency to animoſity or diſſenſion, has ever appeared

in

in any of the parties, but they have continued to live in the ſame uninterrupted harmony as before. So exemplary indeed has been Olivia's conduct with regard to both her friends, that they have repeatedly been heard to declare it was impoſſible for them to feel the difference of their own ſituation and hers. Every thing belonging to her has been as perfectly at their command as at her own, and ſhe has uniformly made them of as much conſequence in the eyes of the ſervants, and of all viſitors at the houſe, as herſelf.

When I heard this detail, I could not forbear exclaiming in extaſy, "Oh admir-"able woman! by heaven then ſhe wants "not beauty, nor could the brighteſt eyes, "or the lovelieſt form, add one ray of "luſtre to a ſoul like hers!" Nay, I could even in the tranſport of the moment have gone and thrown myſelf at her feet, humbly to ſolicit that hand I had ſo long deſpiſed, ſince no paradiſe appeared equal to paſſing the remainder of my days in conſtant intercourſe with ſuch a mind.

Nor,

Nor, believe me, St. John, was this a mere tranſient emotion that flitted through my heart in the firſt impulſe of admiration excited by her noble conduct, and then vaniſhed for ever; it ſtill lives there, and by reflection gains added vigour. Oh God! how vain, how idle is beauty, when compared with qualities ſo exalted, ſo ſublime! The one is fleeting and tranſient, adored for a while, then regarded no longer; but a ſoul like Olivia's is an inexhauſtible mine of attractions, ever varying, ever new. Nay, even the tomb itſelf cannot deprive us of charms like theſe, for the heart of him who has been united to ſuch perfections, can never loſe the impreſſion they have made, but muſt for ever dwell delighted on the recollection of what when living conſtituted its pride and glory.

And now tell me, St. John, what think you of the ſtory above related? Can you not diſcern in it ſtrong features of reſemblance, in the commencement at leaſt, if not in the cataſtrophe, to a tale of woe, long, alas! but too well known to us. One

only

only thing is wanting to convince me that 'tis not merely a reſemblance that may be traced between them, but that they are individually the ſame, and that is to know the name of the perſons who are reputed to have treated Harriot with ſuch mingled kindneſs and cruelty; but the knowledge of this is denied me. As Beauchamp related the ſtory, I obſerved that the name was never once mentioned; this I noticed when he had concluded, and ſaid, "Is it impertinent to aſk to be "favoured with it?"

"There is certainly no impertinence in "making the requeſt," ſaid he, "but I "am ſorry to ſay that your curioſity muſt "remain ungratified. Treacherouſly as "her lover behaved to her, Harriot has "never been able to baniſh him from her "heart; he was the firſt, and will ever "remain the only object of her affections, "and from motives of delicacy ſhe keeps "both his name, and the ſtory, concealed "as much as poſſible. Accident alone led "me to the knowledge of them, but I

"conſider

"consider myself as no less bound in ho-
"nour not to reveal them without per-
"mission, than if they had been imparted
"to me in the strictest confidence. 'Tis
"not without permission that I have now
"revealed the story to you, but in dis-
"closing that, I have gone to the utmost
"limits granted me; the name must still
"remain a secret."

Ah does not this secrecy speak as plainly as the revealing the name at once? Yet much as I wish to reconcile all differences, there are some circumstances I know not how to get over. Time may perhaps disclose more; unless it does, I shall never venture to tell our poor suffering friend what I already know, since it is enough to set his unsettled brain a madding.

Orlando, thou know'st that 'tis ever the practice after a Tragedy, to give a Farce. The Tragedy you have above, let the curtain then draw up for the Farce, and behold it discovers Rebecca Harrison spinster, making her first appearance among

among the company, after a confinement of ſome days to her own apartment.

Whether you may have regretted her abſence from my letters for ſome time, I cannot ſay, but this I can ſay, that I certainly have not very much regretted her abſence from our ſociety. "And what has been the cauſe of her abſence?" you will perhaps enquire. Why ſhe hath been, as ſhe herſelf expreſſeth it, *a little queer*, that is to ſay, ſomewhat indiſpoſed; but being far advanced in a ſtate of convaleſcence, ſhe yeſterday came down again to dinner.

It ſo happened that I was the only perſon in the room when ſhe firſt made her appearance. I very politely accoſted her: "How do you do, Madam, I am ex-"tremely glad to ſee you here again; we "have been deprived of your company "for a long time."

"Thank' ye.".

"I hope you find yourſelf perfectly re-"covered?"

"Thank' ye."

Beauchamp now entered.—"Mrs. Har-"riſon

" riſon here—this is quite an unexpected " pleaſure. I hope it may be conſidered, " Madam, as a proof that your health is " entirely reſtored."

" Thank' ye."

Next came Sir Francis. " Ha Couſin " Becky," for be it known to thee Sir Francis always calls Mrs. Harriſon couſin, though for what reaſon I cannot tell, I only know that 'tis not becauſe ſhe is his rela- aion. " Ha Couſin Becky! why we have " not met before, though we've been under " the ſame roof. But I hope all's ſet to " rights now with you as well as with us."

" Thank' ye."

Fourthly appeared Egerton, but a dry " How do you do, Madam?" was all that his politeneſs could bring forth. It receiv- ed the ſame anſwer, however, as the more elaborate compliments of the reſt:

" Thank' ye."

Fifthly, and laſtly, came Olivia. " I " am extremely happy in ſeeing you down " ſtairs again, Madam, and hope you will " not ſuffer from leaving your room."

" Thank'

"Thank' ye."

"Anon, anon, Sir," ſaid Shakeſpeare's Francis, and ſo he would have ſaid had he been called twenty times more. "Thank' "ye," ſaid Mrs. Harriſon, and this and no more, I believe, ſhe would have ſaid had twenty more perſons made like enquiries after her health. What parrots can ſome people be. We mortals are ſtrange animals, as I have often obſerved, Mr. St. John, and Mrs. Harriſon is certainly not an exception to this general rule.

So much for the firſt act of the Farce. The ſecond was played in the evening, when the ſpirit moved us to paſs away a leiſure hour in looking out ſome of the conſtellations upon the globe. At this employment our learned ſpinſter found us, and underſtanding what we were about, "Well," ſhe ſaid, "but do you know how to *ſet* the "globe?"

No anſwer was made, as it was a queſtion, the meaning of which I believe we none of us clearly underſtood. She however

ever proceeded, "My dear, hav'n't you "got Guthrie's Introduction to Geo- "graphy; every body ſhould have that "book that has globes, it's ſo uſeful, it "teaches you to do every thing with the "globe."

"Oh yes, Madam," ſaid Olivia, "here "it is," and ſhe immediately handed the book to her fair couſin.

The latter opened it at *Problems performed by the globe*; ſhe read three or four of them, twirled the globe firſt this way, then that, and at laſt ſaid with moſt profound ſatisfaction and ſelf-complacency, "And now, my dear, I take it you ſee all "them ſtars," pointing to half the ſtars in the ſouthern hemiſphere.

"I am ſure, Madam," ſaid Olivia, "we "are much obliged to you for your in- "ſtruction."

"Aye," ſaid the good lady, "its always "*better* to do things right at once."

She is to be appointed Aſtronomer royal to his Majeſty, on the firſt vacancy.

Orlando,

Orlando, I wiſh you could ſee one of this lady's letters. The inaccuracy of writers in pointing their compoſitions has been often, and perhaps juſtly, a ſubject of complaint. To reduce this matter to a greater certainty, and prevent all poſſibility of miſtakes, Mrs. Harriſon never uſes but one ſort of point, and that of interrogation. Whether the matter of the period be a round aſſertion, a humble petition, or a ſimple narration, ſtill it terminates with a point of interrogation. Perhaps the proper meaning of this is, that 'tis a queſtion whether ſhe ever knows what ſhe is about.

You, I hope, will not queſtion my ſincerity, when I ſubſcribe myſelf

Your truly affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S S... THE TANJORE ... MAHAL.

LETTER II.

ORLANDO ST. JOHN *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Scarborough, September 4.

AND doſt thou really think, Mr. Lionel Stanhope, that thou wilt be permitted to call me an *old maid* with impunity?—Oh know me better, *mon cher ami*, know that I am not made of ſuch paſſive materials, for I do call upon thee—yes, Monſignor Lionel, I do call upon thee—againſt the next time I write I will determine what ſatisfaction to require, for the common mode of ſettling differences between gentleman and gentleman is totally inſufficient for expiating an inſult ſo atrocious.

Truly thy biographical memoris of Richard Ryder did ſurprize me much. Slightly as Charlotte mentioned him, I had no idea that he was to prove any thing above

above the common clafs of half-pay enfigns; and, indeed, her mentioning him at all as belonging to that clafs of beings, I thought a fufficient indication that nothing better was to be faid of him. But in good truth, from what I now know, I think that fince Harry has given up his purfuit, your heirefs could not do better than to beftow her ample property on one who feems rich in all gifts fave thofe of fortune.

Mais paffons cela, for be he ever fo richly gifted by nature, or improved by cultivation, who could beftow a thought on him, bleffed in the fociety of Charlotte O'Brien and Eliza de Clairville, and amufed with the humours of Francis Peters and Margaret Perkins? And yet, I muft for one moment ftep afide from them to remark upon Harriot Belgrave's ftory. It has excited my anxiety and intereft beyond expreffion. Oh that all may turn out as you wifh!—I will redouble my affiduities to collect information from Charlotte, though I own without much hopes of

 fuccefs,

ſucceſs, as I ſuſpect the little witch ſees how I am devoured by curioſity, and, delighted with it, is determined to torment me.

So much for my apoſtrophe—let me now revert again to the ſubject from which I digreſſed. Lionel, ſince biography is ſo much the faſhion, I think I can in no way ſo well repay the obligations I am under for the intereſting details contained in your two laſt letters, as by ſending you anecdotes of Peggy Perkins, whoſe misfortunes have, in her own opinion, ſo far exceeded any ever yet ſuſtained by a child of Adam, that Richard Ryder's and Harriot Belgrave's cannot be put into compariſon with them.

Some nine or ten years back, at the death of her father, ſhe went to live with a rich old uncle, a widower, who about the ſame time loſt a ſiſter that had long kept his houſe. Here Miſs Peggy remained for four years, when the old gentleman died, leaving her a very pretty

fortin.

fortin. That her ſituation with him was not very comfortable, and that her fortune was dearly earned by a four years ſubſervience to his caprices, is, I believe, indiſputable; but, at the ſame time, it may well be doubted whether her own temper be not ſufficient to deſtroy her peace of mind wherever ſhe may live.

Deeply impreſſed with ideas of her own importance, wherever fate has caſt her, ſhe has always ſuppoſed herſelf the principal object of attention in the little world around, and ſince ſhe could not be regarded with indifference, that from each individual of that world, ſhe muſt experience either warm attachment or inveterate averſion. Accordingly ſhe has uniformly divided her neighbours into two claſſes, her *dear friends* and her *bitter enemies*, the ſame perſon being placed alternately, and perhaps with equal reaſon, both in the one claſs and the other. Friendſhips like hers, formed ſhe knows not why, may be transformed in a moment, ſhe knows not where-

fore, into the moſt implacable enmities; and it has been her peculiarly hard lot, as ſhe has often been heard to ſay, to find people as ſmooth as oil to her face, who, behind her back, have done every thing in their power, to traduce and calumniate her.

But at no period of her life was the friendſhip and enmity of her neighbours carried to ſo great a height as during the four years that ſhe paſſed with her uncle. Accordingly, to her *dear friends* ſhe was always lamenting the malignity with which ſhe was purſued by her *bitter enemies*, and detailing the calumnies they circulated againſt her—calumnies which commonly had no exiſtence but in her own perturbed imagination, and which certainly had never come into general circulation but through the pains ſhe took, by deploring, to ſpread them.

One day viſiting an acquaintance who had known her when ſhe lived with her father, and who was then recently come to ſettle

ſettle in the neighbourhood of her uncle, ſhe began earneſtly to caution this newly-arrived friend againſt believing the ſtories he heard of her; ſhe aſſured him that they were all *bitter calumnies*, invented by her *bitter enemies* to traduce her character; "but believe me, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "I am "not the woman they repreſent me."

"Indeed, Miſs Peggy," he replied, "you need not make yourſelf ſo uneaſy "upon this account. I can aſſure you I "have never ſo much as heard your name "mentioned ſince I came into this coun-"try."

Oh mortifying conſolation! To be a mark for the ſhafts of malice ſhe could bear with fortitude; but not to be mentioned at all was too much to endure, and ſhe incontinently burſt into tears.

Since her uncle's death ſhe has lived at half the towns and villages in the kingdom. At one time ſhe was ſettled for life at Briſtol; but though

She meant to live there all her days,
She felt ſhe could not live there long;

Since ſhe was certain ſhe was in a very rapid conſumption, and muſt there ſhortly find her grave.

Nor did ſhe *live there long*—but Weymouth, not the grave, was the next place of her abode. There ſhe had truly found a Paradiſe, and no power on earth ſhould ever induce her to quit it. And, indeed, this important matter was not brought about by any earthly power extrinſic of herſelf, but ſomehow or other, in about half a year ſhe diſcovered that this place was not quite ſo Paradiſaical as it at firſt appeared. She found herſelf ſtill purſued by the implacable tongue of calumny, and if ſhe hoped for repoſe ſhe muſt ſeek ſome other ſituation.

Bath, Brighton, Cheltenham, Southampton, have all had their turns of being her heaven and her hell, for all have been awhile the place of her reſidence. At other

times

times ſhe has travelled about for ſeveral months by herſelf, or accompanied only by her maid—occaſionally indeed ſhe has taken a *dear friend* as the companion of her wanderings, till from ſome trifling ſubject of diſagreement the friendſhip has on a ſudden been transformed into the bittereſt enmity. At length hearing that her relation, Mrs. Tichfield, was at Scarborough, ſhe requeſted permiſſion to join her party there, as ſhe ſaid her health continued very bad, and ſhe had tried ſo many ſouthern watering places without ſucceſs, that ſhe now wiſhed to try the effect of one more northwards.

Mrs. Tichfield, though not very fond of her couſin's company, complied with her requeſt without any heſitation, as it was extremely convenient to her thus to get another perſon to ſhare in the expenſes of her ſummer eſtabliſhment. At firſt Peggy found Scarborough the moſt delightful place that ever was known, and there ſhe ſhould certainly fix for life. She accordingly looked

at various houses and lodgings that were likely to be vacant by the winter, but could not find one that suited her taste; and now she thinks the place so much less pleasant than she once thought it, that she does not intend staying beyond the end of the season.

Such, Lionel, is Peggy Perkins, the cousin of Mrs. Tichfield—such the enchanting maid whose bright eyes seem mortally to have wounded the heart of Mr. Peters. You will not suppose they have made an equal impression upon that of

Your affectionate

ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

THE RAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LETTER III

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-Houſe, September 5.

ORLANDO, I am daily more and more perplexed with all I ſee and hear in this caſtle of wonders. Since I learned the lovely Harriot's ſtory, I have had a very intereſting converſation with Olivia, in ſome paſſages of which I can ſcarcely perſuáde myſelf but that "*more was meant* "*than met the ear.*" Fain would I adjuſt theſe to the purpoſe I am ſo anxious to effect, of reconciling the ſtory I have recently heard with that I have ſo long known; nor do I think this impoſſible—I even think it may be done without violence, or putting forced conſtructions upon queſtions aſked without any particular meaning.

This morning I was taking a ſolitary ſaunter in the garden before breakfaſt, when I was unexpectedly joined by my hoſteſs. After walking together a few minutes ſhe began:—" I have been uncommonly im-" preſſed, Mr. Stanhope, with the par-" ticulars you imparted to me the other " day reſpecting Mr. Egerton and Miſs " Trelawney. I can ſcarcely doubt that " your friend muſt have been extremely " cautious to aſſure himſelf of the truth " of Miſs Trelawney's death, before he " could relinquiſh all hope of her having " eſcaped the peril ſhe encountered—a " hope to which he muſt have clung, even " with a ſickly eagerneſs, till its fallacy was " too palpable to admit of its being longer " cheriſhed. Were I not fully aſſured of " this, I ſhould, from other circumſtances, " be led ſtrongly to doubt whether he had " not fallen into ſome unfortunate miſtake " upon the ſubject."

" Would to God that this admitted " of a queſtion!—Would to God the

ſhadow

" ſhadow of a hope remained that Miſs
" Trelawney might be ſtill in exiſtence!—
" then might Harry's ſoul once more
" know repoſe! then might he once more
" riſe to that height from which he has
" fallen!—But reflect, Madam,—do you
" think it poſſible that if Emily had eſcaped
" a peril ſo imminent ſhe would not in-
" ſtantly have written to a man ſhe ſo much
" loved, to ſet his mind at eaſe, and aſſure
" him of her ſafety?—Or ſuppoſing ſhe
" could have been ſo negligent—ſo worſe
" than negligent, ſo inhuman, as to omit
" this—had any of the hapleſs crew of the
" Cornwall been ſaved, muſt not an event
" ſo nearly approaching to miraculous, ſoon
" have been well known?"

" I own the juſtice of your reaſoning;
" yet 'tis very extraordinary that though
" I have often heard Miſs Trelawney's
" ſtory mentioned, I never heard her death
" ſo much as hinted at. She was always
" repreſented as alive, and deſerted by
" Mr. Egerton."

" You

" You ſurprize me much, Madam, by " ſaying that you have heard the ſtory fre- " quently mentioned, ſince Harry, as I " told you before, has always cautiouſly " avoided even the remoteſt alluſion to it. " But believe me, whoever has reported " Miſs Trelawney to be now alive, muſt " have done it either through groſs ig- " norance or groſs malignity. Oh, Miſs " Campbell, aſk yourſelf whether it be " probable, ſuppoſing Emily to be ſtill " alive, that the name of Trelawney never " ſhould have met the ear of one ſo eager " as Harry muſt be, to catch at the ſound " of a name ſo beloved ?"

" She may perhaps have lived in perfect " obſcurity, ſince I underſtood from you " that ſhe and her mother were left in very " indifferent circumſtances."

" Pardon me, Madam, but ſurely this " is not a ſuppoſition much to Emily's " credit. If ſhe be alive, ſhe muſt ſtu- " diouſly keep herſelf concealed from her " diſtracted lover ; and by what other mo-

" tive could ſhe be induced to a conduct " ſo extraordinary, except by a failure of " her own conſtancy, or doubts of his— " doubts ſo injurious to him, that they " would render her ſcarcely leſs culpable " than inconſtancy in herſelf. But away " with the idea!—Emily never could ſuſpect " his faith; and had ſhe been ſtill in ex- " iſtence, could not have permitted him to " ſuppoſe her dead. Oh God! ſevere as " have been his ſufferings at loſing her, " they would be nothing to the more " dreadful pang of knowing that ſhe was " alive, yet not living for him."

" You really think that if ſhe were alive " he ſtill would love her?"

" Love her!—Gracious heaven! who " can have witneſſed all he has endured, " and ſee him ſtill ſuffer as he does for her " ſake, yet doubt that he ſtill would love " her?"

" But are the ſufferings you lament, and " the conſtancy of which you boaſt, recon-

" cileable

" cileable with the profligate courſe of life
" he has ſo long led ?"

" They are united in the indiſſoluble
" link of cauſe and effect. To diſſipate
" corroding care has been Harry's ſole
" object; and though he may have miſtaken
" the proper means for obtaining his end,
" and in flying one uneaſineſs created him-
" ſelf a thouſand others, ſtill the paſſion he
" cannot conquer has been the cauſe of
" all."

" Has conſtancy to his Emily led him
" to ſeek ſo many other matrimonial con-
" nections ?"

" Still links of the ſame chain. The
" wiſh to fly from reflection drove him
" into ſcenes of diſſipation, by which his
" fortune was waſted, while his principles
" were undermined; and thus he ſcrupled
" not to ſeek relief from his own imme-
" diate embarraſſments by involving others
" in his ruin. But his unprincipled con-
" duct has carried with it its own puniſh-
" ment,

" ment, in the endlefs difappointments and
" mortifications he has experienced. Re-
" fufal has followed refufal, till—"

" As a laft defperate refource, he would
" have made my fortune fubfervient to his
" purpofes ?"

" Alas! Madam, it is but too true!—
" Yet, to my everlafting fhame be it re-
" corded, the means employed for attaining
" his purpofe were my planning, not his.
" Oh God! Oh God! what an indelible
" ftigma have I thus affixed to my charac-
" ter!—one that no time, no remorfe, can
" ever obliterate!—I could almoft fay that
" my very exiftence is a curfe, fince I muft
" be eternally tortured with fuch recollec-
" tions. The only thing that can be urged
" to palliate fo deteftable an impofture, and
" even that perhaps may be too contemp-
" tible to mention, is, that the idea was
" fuggefted in a hafty moment, for rea-
" fons I now deteft to think on, and ac-
" ceded to by Egerton folely from the
" preffure of pecuniary embarraffments."

"You astonish me, Mr. Stanhope; this "scheme was your planning, do you say?"

"Oh yes, yes, Madam!—it was!—it "was!—Cursed be the hour that ever I "could admit into my bosom a thought so "base!—Wretch that I was!—Yes, it "was planned to rescue myself from im- "portunities with which I had never been "assailed, could I have listened to reason— "it was planned to preclude the possibility "of an union which I ought to have "thought of with transport, but from "which my headstrong folly and ignorance "made me shrink with affright. Oh! "Miss Campbell, that I did but dare to "talk freely with you on this subject!— "that I had but courage to lay my whole "heart open before you!—I have often "wished to make a more ample confession "of my folly and guilt, yet how enter on "a subject of so delicate a nature?"

"Go on, Sir; I am ready, nay anxious, "to hear all you would say. Sincerity is "a quality I prize beyond all others; and "however

"however unpleaſant the truth may be, "I never ſhrink from hearing it. But in "this inſtance I ſuſpect I could anticipate "your ſtory; however, proceed if you "pleaſe."

"Well then, Madam, I will ſummon "reſolution to confeſs all my guilt, all my "inſenſibility. Often had I heard my "father deſcant on the treaſure General "Campbell poſſeſſed in a daughter whoſe "merits might juſtly be ſaid to beggar all "encomium, and as often had he urged "me in the moſt impreſſive manner to "accompany him hither to ſee that trea-"ſure. Yet much as this plan was for "my advantage, I was ſo blind—my head-"ſtrong folly was ſuch—but alas, Madam, "young men will be perverſe—young men "will be perverſe, Madam—and they "make it a ſort of pride not to be go-"verned by their fathers; for the idea of "bondage you know, Madam, is a thing "we none of us love; and I had always "been over-indulged, and ſuffered to have

"my

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" my own way till I knew not how to ſub-
" mit to any kind of controul; nay, though
" my father had never attempted to exert
" his paternal influence except in this one
" inſtance,—but I believe that contributed
" to render me more obſtinate, though
" undoubtedly—undoubtedly it made my
" reſiſtance the more culpable; but you
" well know, Madam, as I was ſaying—
" that young men, Madam—"

"Like to chooſe for themſelves. I
" believe I muſt help you out, Mr. Stan-
" hope, as you ſeem not to get on very
" well by yourſelf."

" Why, indeed, I muſt own, Madam—
" I muſt acknowledge—I muſt confeſs,
" Madam, that—that—"

" You do not however ſeem very ready
" with your confeſſion, ſo I believe I muſt
" aſſiſt you again. You confeſs, then,
" that you had heard reports in the world
" concerning my perſon, and which in this
" inſtance were more accurate than is uſual
" among common reports, that did not
" parti-

"particularly induce you to accompany "Sir Francis, lest that should be considered "as a tacit consent to his obvious views."

I felt myself blush and look extremely foolish; no fair maiden at the first pressure of a lover's hand, could have blushed more prettily, or felt more silly and abashed. I hesitated, I stammered, I essayed to speak again and again, and at last in this awkward way did I endeavour to extricate myself from the cleft in which I was enclosed: "Ye—ye—yes—Madam,— 'tis true in-"deed, Madam—that—that—since you so "kindly encourage me to frankness by "speaking so unreservedly yourself, that "I was possessed with that absurd, that "nonsensical idea, that—that be—be—"beauty—that beauty—"

"Was the sole thing needful in a wo-"man: that you were averse even to the "idea of seeing one you were well assured "was not handsome."

"But indeed, Madam, I do not think "so any longer; henceforward I shall be

"of

" of a very different opinion, I ſhall con-
" ſider beauty as a very ſecondary—"

" Conſideration, undoubtedly, or worſe, " as perfectly contemptible, a mere ſnare " with which 'tis impoſſible virtue or ſenſe " ſhould ever be united."

" Oh yes, Madam, believe me I ſin- " cerely think all this."

" Ah, Mr. Stanhope," ſaid ſhe, tapping me familiarly on the ſhoulder, quite fa- miliarly indeed, Orlando, " Ah, Mr. Stan- " hope, you don't perform your part well " at all; you ſhould have conned your " leſſon better, before you ever thought " of coming to confeſſion."

" I own 'tis true, Madam. But I be- " lieve 'tis perfectly needleſs to ſay more. " Your excellent judgment, and deep diſ- " cernment, have penetrated into the moſt " ſecret receſſes of my heart, and you there " ſee the temptations by which I was led " into this accurſed ſcheme. But believe " me, oh Miſs Campbell! when I ſolemnly " aſſure you, that 'tis impoſſible for any

" one

"one to hold it in greater abhorrence than "I now do myſelf! Would to God that I "could blot the guilty recollection from "the pages of my life! It ſeems indeed "ſcarcely credible, even to my own mind, "that I could form ſuch a plan, and ſtill "more that I could for a moment enter-"tain an idea of its ſucceſs."

"Yet I will tell you upon what that idea "and hope were founded. You had heard "me repreſented as an inexperienced girl, "educated in the country, and unacquaint-"ed with the world, and you therefore "preſumed that I ſhould become your "eaſy dupe."

"But I now ſee that common report is "a ſenſeleſs blockhead, that knows not "what it ſays, and that the world has no "conception of the ineſtimable value of a "truly cultivated and accompliſhed wo-"man. Whoever therefore can be weak "enough to pay any attention to the non-"ſenſical babble of the world, will to his

"coſt

" coſt commonly find himſelf thus de-
" ceived."

" In the world 'tis a commonly received, " though a very abſurd idea, that a country " education neceſſarily implies ignorance " of life; nor can people ſuppoſe it poſ- " ſible that a woman who, like myſelf, has " lived conſtantly at ſuch a diſtance from " the capital, the great centre of know- " ledge, taſte, and ſcience, can have any " acquaintance with mankind. But though " my father's infirm ſtate of health, martyr " as he was for the laſt ten years of his " life to a malady which confined him " wholly to this ſpot, prevented my viſit- " ing diſtant parts, and that even now I " have never been in London, yet I have " perhaps ſcarcely ſeen leſs variety of " company than if I had paſſed my whole " life there. My father's infirmities never " affected his mind or temper, the former " retained its full vigour to the laſt mo- " ments of his life, the latter was uniformly

"hoſpitable and cheerful. Never was he "ſo happy as when he could collect around "him men of ſcience and intellect, and as "they always found his houſe a pleaſant "place of reſort, we were ſeldom without "viſitors of this deſcription. Thus I had "opportunities of improvement which fall "to the lot of few young women, and I "had been unpardonable had I neglected "to avail myſelf of them. Yet I know "that the world in general has perſiſted "in reporting me ignorant and uncul-"tivated."

"And to my ſhame I choſe to liſten to "the world rather than to my father, who "has often endeavoured to correct my "error. Happy am I that my eyes are "opened at laſt, while I feel myſelf de-"ſervedly puniſhed in the remorſe I now "experience, and in the loſs of ſo many "hours of the higheſt intellectual enjoy-"ment, in which I might otherwiſe have "participated."

"I can ſcarcely blame you. The "views of the old and young are com-"monly, and indeed almoſt neceſſarily "muſt be, at variance. PRUDENCE is the "goddeſs at whoſe ſhrine the one ſacri-"fices, while INCLINATION is the deity "worſhipped by the other."

"But if youth be not cenſurable for re-"fuſing obedience to commands arbitrarily "impoſed, it ſurely is indefenſible in re-"ſiſting entreaties founded on reaſon."

"That I allow; and I think you were "wrong in abſolutely refuſing to come "hither when Sir Francis preſſed it ſo "earneſtly. But I alſo think that he fell "into an error in urging the matter to "ſuch lengths, ſince this muſt inevitably "create diſguſt where he wiſhed to excite "intereſt."

"You are truly candid and benevolent, "Madam, in thus ſeeking excuſes for me. "But it is not ſo much for reſiſting my "father's importunities that I ſo deeply

"condemn

" condemn my conduct, as for the means " which I afterwards employed to releaſe " myſelf from them. All that can be ſaid " in my excuſe is, that I was betrayed into " ſo much treachery and baſeneſs from a " ſudden and haſty impulſe, on which I did " not allow myſelf a moment's time for " reflection. The idea ſtarted into my " mind as I was writing; I inſerted it haſ- " tily, and by the time reflection came, " I had embarked ſo far in the affair, that " on Harry's account I knew not how to " recede. His mind was then, from a " peculiar circumſtance with which I was " unacquainted when I wrote to him, in " a ſtate of ſuch uncommon agitation, that " I dared not attempt to thwart him in a " plan into which he had entered ſo ea- " gerly."

" Is it impertinent to enquire the nature " of this circumſtance?"

" By no means, Madam. From the " time of Miſs Trelawney's death he never " could endure the idea of going to Bath.

" Such indeed was his horror at the " recollections which that place called " up in his mind, that I have even seen " him tremble in every limb at only " hearing it mentioned accidentally in " company. But urged by the necessity " of his affairs, he had actually at the time " of my writing so far overcome his feelings, " as to go thither in pursuit of a lady with " a large fortune, of whose hand he thought " himself secure. By her however he was " deserted; and it was amid the vexation " of this new disappointment, and the " horrors in which his mind was enveloped " from the associations that surrounded him, " that he received my letter. A new pur- " suit was started, the idea relieved his " oppressed heart, and he posted from Bath " in an excess of spirits proportioned to the " weight of agony from which he was ex- " onerated."

" Mr. Egerton's fortune is then ex- " tremely embarrassed?"

" So

"So much ſo, that I fear his debts far "exceed his property."

"And is there no poſſible means of his "affairs being retrieved?"

"Not without exertions beyond what he "is perhaps capable of making. Yet at "this moment I have ſtronger hopes of "his reformation than I have ever hitherto "dared to entertain. 'Tis impoſſible to "deſcribe the powerful impreſſion made "upon him by all that has paſſed here, "and the anguiſh of ſoul with which he "has, within the laſt two days, frequently "expreſſed his wiſhes that ſome honourable "means could be deviſed for freeing him-"ſelf from his embarraſſments, and rein-"ſtating himſelf in the height from which "he has fallen. Dare I—dare I tell you "all, Madam?"

"I hope you do not doubt my honour?"

"I were a monſter could I be capable "of it!—Yes, all ſhall be confeſſed. In "your friend, Madam, in the lovely Miſs "Belgrave, he fancied, even at the firſt

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" moment he beheld her, that he ſaw the " perfect reſemblance of his long-loſt " Emily: and his heart, which no woman " ſince her death has been capable of in- " tereſting, became a prey to agonies not " leſs tumultuous than it would have ex- " perienced at the actual ſight of the object " of his adoration riſen from her watry tomb. " The conflicts I ſaw ſtruggling in his " boſom during the time ſhe continued here, " gave me the moſt ſerious and alarming " apprehenſions for his reaſon; and I re- " joiced to ſee that at her departure his " mind, wholly occupied by another pur- " ſuit, ſeemed to think of her no more. " But that guilty purſuit being now at an " end, and having terminated in expoſure " and diſgrace inſtead of triumph, new " ideas are awakened in his ſoul. Miſs " Belgrave's image has again wholly taken " poſſeſſion of it; in that all his ideas " center; and he is now almoſt as much " diſtracted at reflecting that he can " never hope to obtain her, as he has

" long

" long been with dwelling on the lofs of " Emily."

A tear ftole down Olivia's cheek at the picture here drawn—fhe feemed ftruggling againft emotions difficult to be repreffed, yet which fhe wifhed to conceal, and a dead paufe enfued till we advanced towards the houfe. Fain would I have broken this filence, but I knew not how to afk all I wifhed to know. The poffibility of making farther enquiries was indeed foon precluded, fince upon our arriving at the houfe Olivia went in without faying another word. She difappeared for about a quarter of an hour, when fhe came into the breakfaft-room perfectly compofed, nor did fhe, during the whole time of breakfaft, betray the leaft fymptom of remaining agitation.

Oh! St. John! would that I had not fuffered the converfation to drop at that moment!—would that I could find fome favourable opportunity for renewing it!—how earneftly do I wifh to know the mo-

tives that induced Harriot's departure ſo ſoon after our arrival! There muſt have been ſomething particular in it, as ſhe had been then only returned about a fortnight from a viſit to the very ſame lady. Perhaps I may learn ſomething more from Beauchamp—I will try at leaſt what can be done, for I find myſelf ſo much attracted to him, that I can talk to him without reſerve almoſt upon any ſubject. And oh! I muſt try once more if he is not to be prevailed upon to impart the name of Harriot's falſe lover. I cannot reſt without the knowledge of it.

The ſtate of Harry's mind is explained in the above converſation. It wounds me to the ſoul. But on one thing I am fully reſolved, to abandon the means I have hitherto purſued to diſpel the gloom that oppreſſes him. No longer will I endeavour to ſoothe him like a child with a toy or a rattle, I will rather ſeek to rouſe the ſlumbering energies of his mind, and excite him to employ againſt his ſorrows the

only

only remedy that can heal them effectually—the only one conſiſtent with the dignity of our nature to employ, REASON.

Yes, I behold Reaſon here omnipotent, and both he and myſelf ſhall bend to its ſway. Thus firmly reſolves his, and your

Very affectionate friend,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. * THE TANJORE

LETTER IV.

Lionel Stanhope *to* Orlando St. John.

Campbell-House, September 8.

The motives for Harriot Belgrave's sudden departure still remain a secret, but she herself is restored to our society, and in as hasty and unexpected a manner as she left it. The very day on which my last letter was written Olivia went over to Kirby, and brought back with her, to our utter astonishment, both Mrs. Belgrave and her daughter.

But upon this renewal of our acquaintance I have not felt the same impression from Harriot's charms that I did at our first interview. Whether it be that there seems a kind of sacredness about her, from her devotion to the man who has used her so cruelly, which places her far above the

reach of all other mortals—or that knowing Harry's ſentiments I cannot think of interfering with him?—or laſtly, whether my ſoul be not ſo entirely abſorbed in the exquiſite delight of liſtening to Olivia's converſation, in which every one who has the leaſt ſpark of intellect himſelf muſt find an inexhauſtible ſource of entertainment—whichever of theſe may be the cauſe, or whether it may proceed from all combined, yet certain it is that I now contemplate her with no other idea than that of admiring one of the moſt highly-finiſhed pieces of nature's workmanſhip, without a wiſh of becoming its poſſeſſor.

Harry does not regard her with like indifference. He hangs on every look, on every word, with an adoration that abſorbs his whole attention, as much as Olivia's magic tongue abſorbs mine—yet he pays her not this adoration without ſome mingled feelings of ſelf-reproach, as if it were a breach of that conſtancy he has vowed to his departed ſaint, and he only

ſtrives to vindicate himſelf by dwelling eternally upon her perfect reſemblance to Emily.

" 'Tis the ſame features, Stanhope," he cries, " the ſame complexion, only " with a more matured form, and the ani- " mated ſmile and *naïveté* of ſeventeen " exchanged for a caſt of melancholy, the " effect of worldly cares and calami- " ties!—Oh Stanhope! would that you " had known my Emily, that you might " ſee and confeſs a likeneſs ſo extraor- " dinary!—No, it is not Harriot Belgrave " I adore, 'tis Emily revived in her!"

That I have not arrived at a knowledge of the myſterious motives which occaſioned both Harriot's departnre and her return, is not however owing to any relaxation on my part in my eagerneſs for inveſtigating them. Yeſterday morning at breakfaſt, a hint being dropped as if there was now a proſpect of Mrs. Belgrave's law-ſuit being determined, I took advantage of it, as a pretence to aſk Beauchamp, when we

were

were afterwards walking together, whether this were really the case.

He replied in the affirmative: That a ſpirited remonſtrance on the part of Mrs. Belgrave's agent, united with the detection of a long ſucceſſion of rogueries on the part of the lawyer who firſt took up the affair againſt Captain Belgrave, ſeemed at length to have rouſed the tardy ſpirits of the great law officers, and a deciſion was ſhortly expected, which there was no doubt would be in Mrs. Belgrave's, or to ſpeak more properly, in Harriot's favour. In conſequence of this the two ladies muſt go over to Ireland, and it was probable that they would ſet out upon their journey before the expiration of many days.

"What a ſatisfaction it is," ſaid I, "under any circumſtances to ſee knavery thus "expoſed, and the injured reſtored to their "rights; but how doubly ſatisfactory, "when in the victim of injuſtice we be- "hold one of the moſt lovely and amiable "objects in the creation."

" To the firſt part of your poſition I
" moſt heartily aſſent. Does not the latter
" clauſe ſavour more of the man, than of
" the philoſopher?"

" I make no pretenſions to the cha-
" racter of a philoſopher. Yet let me aſk
" whether, even in the eye of philoſophy,
" the magnitude of the crime be not in-
" creaſed in proportion to the merit and
" ſituation of the object aggrieved? and
" whether it does not betray greater de-
" pravity of heart, ſyſtematically to de-
" fraud a lovely and defenceleſs female,
" than one of our ſex, who, if injured, has
" powers of redreſs, denied, alas! to hap-
" leſs woman?"

" This is a delicate point to decide. But
" if you think treachery ſo much aggra-
" vated by being practiſed towards a wo-
" man, though unknown to her perſecu-
" tors, what ſhall be ſaid of the man who
" beholding Harriot, lovely as ſhe is,
" could engage her affections, and then by
" forſaking

" forſaking her, ruin her peace of mind " for ever?"

" That he was not a man, but a mon- " ſter!—" I pauſed a moment. " Oh " Mr. Beauchamp," I added, " may I " without being deemed impertinently in- " truſive and importunate, advert again to " a ſubject on which we were converſ- " ing not many days ago. I told you " then how much I wiſhed to know the " name of this monſter; every thing I " ſee, every thing I hear, but encreaſes " this anxiety. Nor does it proceed, be- " lieve me, from a mere idle curioſity, 'tis " urged by a painful apprehenſion—"

" Mr. Stanhope, I muſt interrupt you, " pardon the rudeneſs; but whatever may " be your motives for wiſhing to be ad- " mitted to ſhare in this ſecret, 'tis im- " poſſible you ſhould be gratified without " my being guilty of treachery; and that " I think you will not require."

" I have done; pardon my having urged

" the

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" the matter thus far, but from this mo-
" ment I am ſilent."

And ſilent we both remained for ſome minutes. At length ſomewhat recovered from this repulſe, I ventured to hazard another. " Mr. Beauchamp," I ſaid, " perhaps I am going to tranſgreſs again, " but I would fain aſk whether there was " not ſome particular reaſon for Miſs " Belgrave's going to Mrs. Howard's ſo " ſoon after our arrival?"

" Why this queſtion, Mr. Stanhope? " Was not the meeting her mother a ſuf- " ficient reaſon for going thither?"

" Undoubtedly. Yet the plan ſeemed " haſtily ſettled, and, pardon me, I ſuſpect- " ed from appearances, that ſhe had taken " ſome ſtrong prejudice either againſt " Harry or myſelf."

" You may be perfectly ſatisfied upon " that account. Such capricious diſlikes " form no part of Harriot Belgrave's cha- " racter."

Beauchamp

Beauchamp might be right there, but ſince I ſaw plainly that he wiſhed to evade the queſtion, I would not preſs it farther. Quitting this ſubject therefore, I ſoon adverted to another on which I was ſcarcely leſs anxious to obtain ſatisfaction, and aſked whether he thought there was any foundation for the report that Olivia had a partiality for Ryder?

He replied, that he thought he could ſafely ſay there was not. "A ſtrong friend-"ſhip, and a high eſteem," ſaid he, "two "ſuch people cannot but feel for each "other, but I ſuſpect the Enſign's affec-"tions to be otherwiſe engaged. That "while paying all due reſpect to his bene-"factreſs's virtues and accompliſhments, "his heart is more ſuſceptible of impreſ-"ſion from a pretty face, and has become "captive to the ruſtic charms of Lucy "Morgan. When ſtaying here he is very "aſſiduous in his viſits to the two cot-"tages."

"Good God, you aſtoniſh me! From "your account of Mr. Ryder, I ſhould "have ſuppoſed that underſtanding and "cultivation of mind, were the qualities to "captivate his heart, not mere prettineſs "of features."

"And had I not formed the ſame opi- "nion of him, I ſhould not heſitate a mo- "ment in conſidering the thing as ſettled. "The oſtenſible reaſon for his going ſo 'often to the cottages, 'tis true, is to viſit "a little girl whom he placed under the "care of Mary Atwood, Lucy's neigh- "bour, not long after his return to Eng- "land. But I ſuſpect that for one minute "paſſed with the child, ten are devoted to "Lucy."

"A child of his own?"

"That I will not pretend to decide; "'tis not however acknowledged as ſuch. "All I know is, that about a year and a "half ago, happening to call one morning "upon Lucy, I found her nurſing this little

"creature,

" creature, which ſeemed then about ſix " months old. With any body not in ſo " awkward a predicament as Lucy, I ſhould " probably have begun joking, and aſked " if it was her own, but that was too tender " a point for a joke with her, ſo I ſimply " aſked whoſe child it was?" ' One that Mr. ' Ryder has placed under Mary Atwood's ' care,' ſaid Lucy. " A child of his own?" ſaid I. " Lucy bluſhed, and Mary Atwood " ſmiled and ſaid, no, only one to whom he " was guardian. I ſaw plainly from her " manner that ſhe thought this ſtory a " mere fabrication, and ſuſpected that the " young ſoldier had in fact been ſomewhat " indiſcreet. But Olivia aſſures me that " ſhe is ſatisfied upon the ſubject, as Ryder " has imparted the child's ſtory to her, " only with a requeſt that it may never be " mentioned to any one. Her parents, " ſhe ſays, are perſons of fortune, though " from ſome untoward circumſtances they " are compelled to this temporary eſtrange- " ment from their infant daughter."

" Surely

"Surely then if Miſs Campbell be ſa-
"tisfied, there can be no ground for farther
"heſitation upon the ſubject. She is not
"a woman eaſy to be deceived, nor would,
"but upon ſufficient reaſon, have given
"credit to the ſtory related."

"I allow your poſition in its fulleſt
"force. But ſo many people have diſ-
"covered a ſtrong reſemblance between
"Mr. Ryder and the child, that they have
"almoſt perſuaded me it cannot be mere
"fancy. Of this you ſhall yourſelf judge
"when you have ſeen her ſuſpected father.
"Some people go ſo far as to think the
"infant alſo like Lucy, and are certain
"that ſhe is the mother. But of this ſhe
"ſtands fully acquitted, ſince the babe muſt
"have been born before Ryder's return to
"England. Perhaps ſome *belle Eſpagnole*
"found her way to the heart of the ſolitary
"miſanthrope."

As we were at this moment not far from the cottages, Beauchamp propoſed our returning home that way, "and then," ſaid he,

he, "you can ſee the myſterious babe. "Beſides," he added, "you have not yet "been introduced to all the members of "Lucy's domeſtic eſtabliſhment, and you "muſt ſee my little Fanny." To this propoſal I very readily aſſented, as my curioſity, which thou knoweſt well, Orlando, is not an inactive principle in my compoſition, began to be much excited about the child.

We called firſt upon the ſchool-miſtreſs, where we found Olivia with the little nurſeling, in whom ſhe takes a very great intereſt, and, as I ſuppoſed, a little girl about five years old teaching the child its letters. "Aha, Fanny," ſaid Beauchamp, "ſo you have taken Maria "as your pupil." Then turning to me, and patting Fanny on the cheek, "This," ſaid he, "is Lucy's aſſiſtant, and a very "good little girl ſhe is, I can aſſure you. "You would not ſuppoſe that ſuch a child "could be of ſo much uſe in the ſchool;

"ſhe can read as well as Lucy herſelf.
"Come, Fanny, give us a ſpecimen."

Fanny immediately took up a little book of ſtories, and read us a page. I liſtened with aſtoniſhment, little expecting to hear ſuch a child as ſhe appeared, eſpecially in her claſs of life, perform ſo well; but looking in her face, I began to ſuſpect the truth. "And I aſſure you ſhe can ſing too," ſaid Beauchamp; "come, Fanny, you muſt "ſhew off again, now for a ſong."

"Muſt it be a *ſong?*" ſaid Fanny.

"What," ſaid Beauchamp, "I ſuppoſe "you would rather ſing your own hymn to "gratitude, as I know you are very vain "of it. But, however, you ſhall be in-"dulged."

Fanny caſt a glance at Olivia, ſo expreſſive, that the moſt ſtudied piece of oratory could not have ſaid half as much, and then ſung her hymn, not without taſte, and with a feeling that drew the tear of ſenſibility from Olivia's eyes. "Is not "that

"that pretty well for a child of five "years old?" ſaid Beauchamp as ſhe finiſhed; "but it ſhews what may be done "with children, provided they have tractable diſpoſitions, and are under good "management."

"Ah, Sir," ſaid the little aſſiſtant, ſmiling, "you are always bantering poor "Fanny." And then turning to me, ſhe ſaid, "if Mr. Beauchamp had added twenty "years to the five, he would have been "much nearer the truth."

She then proceeded to ſay, that ſhe was the daughter of a reputable farmer, but her parents falling into misfortunes, and not being able to maintain her, ſhe was obliged for a while to gain her livelihood by exhibiting herſelf as a ſight. A ſituation than which few more miſerable can be conceived. Coming at length to Doncaſter, Olivia's compaſſion was excited, and ſhe offered to take her under her protection, when finding that ſhe could read and work very well, ſhe made her aſſiſtant to

Lucy, by which means the ſchool could be conſiderably enlarged. It will be eaſily ſuppoſed that the little aſſiſtant found herſelf now in a paradiſe, and the effuſions of her ſoul were poured out in a hymn to gratitude dedicated to her benefactreſs, a compoſition which, if it does not entitle her to a firſt ſeat among the daughters of Parnaſſus, at leaſt does credit to the goodneſs of her heart.

St. John, this is again an anecdote of Olivia,—of the woman whom we have ſo frequently heard repreſented in the world as little better than a fool! But perhaps 'tis theſe very things conſtitute her folly; for ſad to ſay, yet not more ſad than true, there are but too many among the ſons of men, who would conſider it as no ſmall degree of idiocy to prefer penſioning dwarfs and the unfortunate victims of ſeduction, to adorning her perſon with jewels, and ſpreading her table with plate, expences in which Olivia finds no gratification. The family jewels are locked up in an iron cheſt

whence

whence they never emerge, for this admirable woman's judgment is ſhewn no leſs in her mode of dreſſing than in matters of more importance. Her ſtudy is to avoid making herſelf conſpicuous by wearing any thing that might attract notice; and ſhe unites the true elegance of a gentlewoman with a ſimplicity equally removed from every thing ſhowy, or affectedly plain.

This ſhort epiſode with regard to her dreſs came in my way, and I could not help inſerting it. To return to the ſubject from which I ſet out, the myſterious child,—for Fanny's ſtory too was but a ſort of epiſode,—I can only ſay that whoever, or whatever, may be its parents, I heartily pity them in being ſeparated from it, for 'tis one of the moſt lovely babes eyes ever beheld. When we had made our viſit of a ſufficient length, Olivia accompanied us home, and I cannot ſay that I thought the latter end of our walk the leſs agreeable for ſuch an addition to the party.

Doctor Paul ſpent the evening with us. 'Tis indeed no uncommon practice with him to drop in upon the heireſs thus ſelf-invited—a practice I believe more agreeable to himſelf than to her.

Uncongenial as his manners are to Olivia's, or to what I conceive to have been the old General's, I at firſt wondered extremely how the latter could ever have given him the living of Maxtead, which placed him ſo much in his own neighbourhood. This difficulty was however ſolved to me, upon learning that he came into poſſeſſion of the living, not by the General's choice, but merely by his permiſſion, in order to accommodate the then rector of the pariſh, a Mr. Burlington, a great friend of the General's, who by changing livings with Doctor Paul, could take ſome other preferment not tenable with Maxtead—while the Doctor, who has a prebendal ſtall at York, by this means alſo got his preferment more concentrated.

He has now been for ſome years a widower, and would, I believe, very gladly make himſelf agreeable to the heireſs, as thinking the hall far preferable, as a place of reſidence, to the parſonage, and the fee-ſimple of the lands in Maxtead pariſh infinitely more deſirable than a life intereſt only in the tythe of their produce. Yet ſhould ſhe prove invulnerable to his attacks, his heart is ſufficiently ſuſceptible to admit any other woman who has money enough to pay well for admiſſion into a corner of it. When therefore he finds Miſs Campbell pre-occupied, or not diſpoſed to lend him a favourable ear, he can content himſelf with a flirtation with Mrs. Harriſon, who has a very pretty *fortin*, and keeps her chariot. Since there has been a hope of Mrs. Belgrave's recovering her eſtate, he has indeed been rather more attentive to her than to Mrs. Harriſon, but he makes ſo little progreſs there, that I believe he may as well give up the matter at once, as hopeleſs.

Yeſterday, when he firſt came in, Olivia was ſo much occupied with Sir Francis, with whom indeed ſhe does flirt moſt unmercifully, that he found it was vain to think of being favoured with her attention. Seating himſelf, therefore, by Mrs. Harriſon, he began:—"Well, Madam, "what ſay you to the anecdote reſpecting "Mrs. Stapleton, juſt furniſhed by the "ſcandalous chronicle?"

Rebecca's eyes ſparkled with delight. Mrs. Stapleton is her dear friend, and a ſcandalous anecdote of her, was conſequently a moſt choice *morçeau*, a very ortolan in the anecdotic way. "Lord! why "you ſurpriſe me, Doctor!" ſhe anſwered; "why what can you mean?—why I never "heard any ſcandal of Mrs. Stapleton."

"You doubtleſs have taken notice of "the young woman who lives with her—a "pretty ſmart-looking girl, whom ſhe "educated from a child."

"Oh aye!—well, I was always a won- "dering about that maid."

"She

"She has, you know, Madam, ob-
"tained great credit with the world for
"her kindneſs to that girl; and to be ſure
"it does ſound like a very good and Chriſ-
"tian ſpirit to take a poor friendleſs or-
"phan into the houſe to educate and pro-
"vide for. But behold it appears that
"this ſeeming generoſity was ſomething
"leſs than juſtice—that the poor girl has
"a claim to live with her upon a very dif-
"ferent footing from that of a ſervant—
"that there was a handſome footman in
"her father's houſe—"

"Abſolute ſcandal, I have no doubt," ſaid Mrs. Belgrave; "and 'tis ſurely very "hard that ſhe cannot have extended this "kindneſs to a friendleſs creature without "drawing an impeachment upon her own "character."

"If there be any juſtice in the *lex ta-* "*lionis*, Madam," ſaid Beauchamp, "this "is no hardſhip at all. Mrs. Stapleton "propagates ſcandalous reports of others "with ſo much induſtry, that ſhe has little

 "reaſon

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"reason to complain of being made the "subject of one herself. However, few "people who know Mrs. Stapleton will "believe the story, unless the tastes of "other men differ very widely from mine."

"Pho now! that's your way," said Mrs. Harrison; "you're always a think-"ing that every body must be of your "opinion. But I dare say the story's true. "Lord, why I don't believe that there "ever was twenty maids buried in the "world."

Doctor Paul bowed obsequiously, and hoped that, for the sake of his sex, *Mrs. Harrison* would not be one of the twenty.

"Why to be sure," said Sir Francis, "cousin Becky judges of others by herself. "But I dare say," he added, "that Mrs. "Stapleton is one of the twenty, and "that's the reason she's so splenetic and "censorious against all women whom she "thinks have attracted the notice of the "men more than herself. Now there's "my good cousin, you see, as she is less

"virtuous,

"virtuous, is a thousand times more can-
"did."

"But," said I, "with all due respect for Mrs. Harrison's opinion, what will she say to Saint Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins?"

Mrs. Harrison looked *wise*, and seemed excessively desirous of saying something more than usually *funny*, yet knew not how to set about it—probably because she did not understand to what I alluded. Doctor Paul however came in to her assistance—

"True, Sir," he said. "But you will recollect that though these eleven thousand fair ladies were virgins at the time their pilgrimage was undertaken, it no where appears that they remained so to the end of their lives."

"And 'tis to be hoped they did not," said Sir Francis. "I'm sure women are much better employed in looking after their families and educating their children, than in going silly pilgrimages to

" silly saints. So, my dear cousin Har-
" rison, if you are now one of the twenty,
" the sooner you diminish the number the
" better. If I were not unluckily en-
" cumbered with a wife, I'd instantly
" throw myself at your feet, and I've no
" doubt but Li. would be very happy
" in such a mother-in-law. But since
" Doctor Paul fortunately is not so shack-
" led, what say you to him?"

Mrs. Harrison was too much delighted with the idea that there was only one small obstacle to her becoming the wife of a Baronet to attend to the offer of Doctor Paul; but assuming a very important, yet facetious look, she replied—" Take care " what you are a saying, Sir Francis, for " fear I should be a using of a *sledge ham-* " *mer* to poor Lady Stanhope."

On taking his leave, Doctor Paul announced that he hoped at his next visit to have the honour of introducing a nephew of his to Miss Campbell. " He is a Can-

" tab,

"tab, Madam," said he, "and is coming "to pass the remainder of the summer "vacation with me; and since he is him- "self a *little bit of an author*, I trust he "may prove not an unacceptable addition "to the circle of talent and intellect always "to be found at Campbell-House. He has "indeed just published three little volumes, "works of imagination, which I intend "myself the honour, Madam, of request- "ing you to accept—though I am sen- "sible that in thus soliciting a place for "them in so extensive and valuable a li- "brary as Miss Campbell's, I look for- "ward to their being honoured even be- "yond their deserts."

Olivia received this pompous notification of the Doctor's intended present only with a bow, and he departed, whether satisfied or not at this coldness I will not pretend to say. The volumes arrived this morning, but I do not know that any one of the party has yet been induced

to ſeek edification by examining their contents. It certainly has not been ſought by

Yours very faithfully,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

THE [MAHA]RAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LETTER V.

ORLANDO ST. JOHN *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Scarborough, September 10.

I HAVE been in perils the moſt imminent, Lionel, ſince laſt I wrote to thee. Perils, compared with which all the dangers thou didſt encounter in the haunted chamber, or any other that thou or Harry have faced, in your various adventures at Campbell-Houſe, are but as the achievements of a Marlborough in the fields of Blenheim and Ramilies, compared to the glorious campaigns of an Uncle Toby, and a Corporal Trim in the bowling-green.

Oui, mon cher couſin, I have been even on the brink of offering a ſurrender of my liberty, my property, nay of my own dear ſelf, with all my "*perfections* on my head," either to the bewitching Charlotte O'Brien,

or the fascinating Eliza de Clairville; nor did any thing snatch me from the precipice but the exact equipoise in which my heart is held between them, so that I could by no means decide to which of the twain this same own dear self should be offered. And *foi d'honnête homme*, I do still think that it will be impossible for me to escape from the delightful town of Scarborough, without playing the fool, after this fashion, either with the one or the other, though it must remain for some chance, accident, or unforeseen occurrence, to determine towards which the handkerchief shall be thrown.

And this chance, accident, or unforeseen occurrence, will probably be when I can convince myself that a tolerable prospect appears of my being accepted by either—for never does a man look so cursedly foolish as when he is refused—and not even self-flattery (and I don't think I am upon the worst of all possible terms with myself) can delude me so far as to think

that

that there is at present the smallest hope from either quarter.

In truth I believe my heart would be decidedly in favour of the widow, but that, fascinating as she is, I must reprobate her conduct extremely in one very essential point. I hold it to be the most sacred and indispensable duty of every mother, however elevated her rank or affluent her fortune, to attend herself to the education of her daughters; and if, from the negligence of her own parents, she be not at the time of her marriage, sufficiently instructed to be capable of the task, her first care and attention should be to supply that deficiency, and acquire those qualifications which she must afterwards impart. Yet de Clairville, early accustomed to the homage paid by our Gallic neighbours to persons of her sex and situation, thinks only of upholding the empire she has obtained over mankind; and while studying to eternize, if possible, her own attractions, leaves the important task of forming the minds

minds and hearts of her children to one bound to them only by the ties of venality.

Thus far, however, muſt be acknowledged, that the governeſs ſhe has placed over them is much better qualified for the taſk of education than are moſt of thoſe who undertake it. She is a woman of poliſhed manners, of decided talent, and, I ſincerely believe, of excellent principles, who does inſtruct them in things of more value than merely to hold up their heads, and embroider a bad roſe, the very caricature of that nature it was intended to imitate. Sometimes, in my impaſſioned reveries, I am ſanguine enough to believe that were the bewitching Eliza once mine, I could reform all that is amiſs in her, and make her no leſs exemplary as a mother than ſhe is facinating as a woman. Perhaps on this idea thou wilt ſaucily obſerve, Mr. Lit., " Phyſician firſt cure thyſelf."

Charlotte's mûſe, once rouſed from its lethargy, grows extremely prolific. A few days

days ago ſhe, with de Clairville and myſelf, were ſauntering upon the beach, admiring the varied tints of the glaſſy ocean, as the ſhadows of the flitting clouds above, ſwept along its ſurface. On a ſudden the fair Hibernian made a pauſe—a poetic viſion ſeemed inſtantaneouſly to take poſſeſſion of her ſoul—wrapt in the delicious trance, ſhe ſtarted away from us, ſat down on a piece of rock hard by, and taking out pencil and paper began writing.

"What is Charlotte about?" ſaid the widow.

"You ſhall know preſently," replied the maiden; "don't interrupt me now."

De Clairville grew impatient—Charlotte wanted to reviſe and correct—for that the other could by no means wait, ſo ſnatching the manuſcript jocoſely ſhe read aloud:

THE EBB OF THE TIDE.

When the glitt'ring moon-beams at eve ſoftly play
O'er ocean's green waves, as the light fades away,
'Tis ſweet to deſcend from the mountain's ſteep ſide,
And trace the ſtill ſhore at the ebb of the tide.

Tho' bards have oft ſung how the raptures of love
'Tis charming to breathe in the gay myrtle grove,
To me greater charms in thoſe vows would reſide
Were they breath'd on the ſhore at the ebb of the tide.

While others admire too the flute's dulcet ſtrains
From the ruſtics at eve on the ſmooth-ſhav'n plains,
To me more enchanting its notes when applied
To the echoing ſhore at the ebb of the tide.

The belles of the court may delighted advance
With their airs, and their graces, to faſhion's gay dance,
But, like the briſk Scot on the banks of the Clyde,
I would trip on the ſhore at the ebb of the tide.

Let the vot'ries of pleaſure ſtill throng with delight
Wherever the idols they follow invite;
But let me, remov'd from the manſions of pride,
Still rove on the ſhore at the ebb of the tide.

Let me rove with the man who has won my fond heart,
Whoſe preſence to all freſh delight can impart,
When we'll own that no joys could in Eden reſide
Like thoſe that we taſte at the ebb of the tide.

"Rove with your Albert I ſuppoſe," ſaid Madam de Clairville, as ſhe finiſhed reading.

reading. "But you know, my dear Char-
"lotte, that the heart of this ſame Albert
"is of a nature ſo flinty, that 'tis incapable
"of receiving any tender impreſſions, and
"he would probably leave you to rove by
"yourſelf. Let this then be followed by
"a dirge, lamenting his cruelty and your
"deſpair, that you are left in the ſtate of
"Tantalus, upon the ſhore indeed, yet de-
"prived of all enjoyment of its delights,
"ſince the ſenſeleſs animal refuſes to ſhare
"them with you."

"I do not think," ſaid I, "that Miſs
"O'Brien has much to apprehend upon
"this account. If a companion to ſhare
"her joys is all that is wanting to make
"the ſhore a complete paradiſe, who
"will not think himſelf but too happy in
"being permitted to become her Albert?
"Were ſolitude her wiſh, the caſe would
"be otherwiſe."

Indeed, Lionel, there is ſomething ſo exquiſitely romantic in falling in love by the ſea-ſide, ſo much more poetical than by

the

the fire-ſide, that I believe this has had conſiderable influence in awakening me ſo ſenſibly to the charms of my two fair companions. I am not much ſurpriſed at this effect in myſelf, but I have ſeen another from the ſea breezes that ſpeaks them nothing leſs than omnipotent. They have actually ſo far ſubdued the rigid purity and chaſtity of Miſs Perkins, that ſhe gives Mr. Peters ſuch encouragement as is totally inconſiſtent with the veſtal character ſhe has hitherto ſuſtained. Though perhaps I aſcribe too much to the ſea-breezes when I conſider this change as entirely effected by them, for probably the propriety of her lover's behaviour in the garter affair might be the firſt thing to win upon her virgin reſerve.

But ſo it is, that all the flirtations of Charlotte and Eliza are nothing to that now carried on between Francis Peters and Margaretta Perkins. Meſſieurs Adam and Eve in their lovely garden, while yet the ſole inhabitants of earth, were not

more effectually *tête-à-tête* than are these languishing lovers in the most public companies of this public watering-place. Seated together on a sopha, abstracted from all present, whole evenings are passed in whisperings behind the lady's fan, in which the gentleman's face appears to come so much in contact with his fair companion's, that if no tender pressure from his lips be imprinted on her rosy cheek, 'tis not for want of their being sufficiently approximated.

Yet while she indulges her *inamorato* with these public *tête-à-têtes*, think not she has relaxed so far from the rigidity of her former notions as to allow even him a private interview. No; she still makes it her pride and boast that she never in her life was alone in a room with a man excepting with her papa or uncle. She will certainly never be solicited to break through this reserve in favour of

Yours most sincerely,

ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

LETTER VI.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-House, September 12.

JUSTLY do you obſerve, St. John, that a man never makes a more ſilly figure than when he is refuſed; and in that predicament do I, the *fine, handſome, ſpirited* Lionel Stanhope ſtand at this moment. Curſe on my forwardneſs!—why muſt I thus ruſh into diſgrace!—You are perfectly right, St. John, in proceeding more warily. —Yes, I have been refuſed!—rejected by a woman whom I expected would have ruſhed with tranſport into my arms, and only thought herſelf too happy that my former reluctance, nay averſion, to the idea of appearing as her ſuitor, was ſubdued. But it ſhall teach me caution in future—no ſecond woman ſhall have it in her power

power to boaſt that ſhe has refuſed Lionel Stanhope. Never more, in a matter ſo momentous, will I be caught acting with ſuch precipitation. Before I ſet about whining and praying again, I will be well aſſured that the lady is deſperately in love with me—nay, I am by no means certain that I ſhall not now leave it to her to make the firſt advances.

Fool that I was, to be thus deceived!—I felt ſo confident of ſucceſs, that I never pauſed a moment to conſider whether or not that confidence were well-grounded. And by what motives my refuſal has been influenced I am wholly at a loſs to conceive. It cannot be that Olivia is attached to Ryder, ſince a hint might eaſily be given to him, and 'tis not very likely that an Enſign upon half pay would reject the good fortune thus laid at his feet. Neither can Beauchamp be the object of her affections, ſince all things might be ſettled with him with equal facility. Still leſs can I conceive that ſhe is actuated by

a general diſlike to the thoughts of matrimony, ſince her whole manner evinces the contrary; and a heart capable of ſuch ardent affections can ſcarcely fail of fixing them upon ſome definite object. Sometimes I have indulged in a ſpeculation whether ſhe can have ſported with Egerton's pretended paſſion till ſhe is herſelf become the victim of a real one. That were now a thing ſo little conſonant to his wiſhes, and ſo unfortunate for herſelf, that I ſincerely hope it is not the caſe.

There muſt be ſomething more in the affair than I can comprehend, and the more I reflect upon it the more I am convinced of this. Though ſhe has refuſed the hand I condeſcended to offer, ſhe evidently likes my company, and is deſirous of detaining me here. On receiving her very unexpected anſwer, I was going away in a huff and a hurry, urging that it was impoſſible after what had paſſed either party could find it agreeable to remain together in the ſame houſe. She laughed, and

asked why it should be otherwise?—assured me it was perfectly agreeable to her, and begged I would not be sulky or give myself airs upon the subject, as if I were terribly aggrieved. I had pleased *myself*, she said, in making the offer, and she had pleased *herself* in rejecting it—why then should we quarrel because we had each followed our inclinations?—was she not to be allowed a choice in the affair, but must she be compelled to like me for a husband because I had done her the honour of thinking I could like her for a wife?—And all this was said with so much good nature and unaffected pleasantry, that it was absolutely impossible to refuse complying with her; so here I remain. Yet 'tis too much, after having received such an indignity from her hands, that she can still mould me entirely to her own pleasure. Confound these women, I say!—ugly or handsome they somehow or other get an ascendancy over us that we cannot resist.

Yet,

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARAS[...]

Yet, after all, my pride is much more wounded than my love. Though feeling a very ſtrong prepoſſeſſion in her favour, and well convinced that I ſtill could ardently love her, I am not ſo entirely abſorbed in my paſſion but that I ſhall be able to reſign myſelf to my fate, and live contentedly without her. Indeed I had not at laſt been ſo forward in the buſineſs, but to gratify my father, whoſe mortification I can ſay with truth I feel yet more ſeverely than the wound given to my *amour propre*; though I will frankly own that I had not ſhewn ſo much compliance, even towards him,. could I have foreſeen the conſequences. How bitterly does he abuſe Harry and myſelf, as he ſays he is fully convinced my failure is to be aſcribed to the ill impreſſion made upon Olivia by our damned frolick. Alas! perhaps he is not altogether miſtaken, ſince it is ſurely impoſſible for two perſons to have expoſed themſelves more completely, or to make a more contemptible figure than

we

we do. It may well be queſtioned whether we appear the greater fools or knaves, for never was a raſcally ſcheme planned with leſs probability of ſucceſs, or worſe executed from beginning to end. But away with a recollection ſo hateful!

In one reſpect however I may conſider myſelf as a gainer by what has paſſed, ſince now I have an obvious anſwer to Sir Francis ſhould he ever renew his importunities. At ſome moments I am diſpoſed heartily to regret my ill ſucceſs, for upon my ſoul every hour that I continue here I grow more and more enchanted with Olivia's manners and converſation, while the daily teſtimonies of her unbounded benevolence and generoſity that I ſee all around me, command a ſpecies of adoration that may be felt, but that no words can expreſs. 'Tis not mere eſteem or reſpect, they are words too cold to apply to a ſoul ſo truly noble; it is in ſhort a feeling only to be experienced in contemplating a heart like hers. Can there be on earth a ſpectacle more ſublime

than a perſon with powers ſo extenſive, employing them to the nobleſt purpoſes, and becoming the organ through which plenty and happineſs are dealt out to thouſands; or can one hear unmoved the bleſſings that are invoked upon her by all her tenants and dependents, among whom there is ſcarcely one that I believe would not literally ſacrifice his own life for the preſervation of hers.

Yes, Orlando, when I think only on theſe things, I heartily regret that I muſt not hope to poſſeſs this treaſure, ſince one of equal value is not to be found over all the habitable globe. But at other times purſuing a very different train of reflection, I am diſpoſed to believe that all is for the beſt. While we remained in the country I ſhould have felt no alloy to my happineſs, I ſhould have ſeen a homage paid to my wife that would have ſatisfied my vanity, and all would have been well. But when ſhe came to be introduced into the gayer circles of high life, where, in appreciating the worth of a character the qualities

lities of the heart are not taken into the account, and I ſaw all eyes attracted to her, not by her beauty, but by her plainneſs; when I heard all around me enquiries who that little ugly woman could be, and heard her deſcribed as Mrs. Stanhope, the *ci-devant* Miſs Campbell, the celebrated Yorkſhire heireſs, *celebrated* ſaid with a ſneer, excited by the idea of the perſonal imperfections to which ſhe ſo much owes her celebrity—oh I could never have ſupported all this, but ſhould have ſhrunk abaſhed within myſelf, and wondered how I could ever be ſo infatuated as to think of ſuch an incongruous union.

No, St. John, ſhe muſt beware a man of the world, one who is anxious that public admiration ſhould ſanction his taſte in the wedded partner of his heart. Her huſband's breaſt muſt be guarded by a thick coat of mail, impenetrable to the ſenſeleſs ſarcaſms a face like hers will unavoidably excite in the gay world, or all her virtues and accompliſhents could

 not

not enſure him from many painful moments of diſguſt and repentance. *She* muſt be all to her huſband, *public opinion*, nothing, or woe to them both.

And am I this man? Ah that queſtion had better not be aſked. I can deſpiſe thoſe jokes as I ſit writing here by myſelf, but I feel that in a public company I could not hear them unmoved. I think too that ſhe is herſelf ſo ſenſible of the effect they would have on the mind of a huſband, that ſhe would never marry a man who would not paſs the greateſt part of his time in the country, among a circle of friends that have ſenſe enough to value her for the really noble qualities ſhe poſſeſſes, without thinking of the inferior charms in which ſhe is deficient. Next winter ſhe intends making her firſt viſit to London. It will not be unamuſing to ſpeculate upon the conflicts ſhe will excite in the boſoms of the beaux of *ton*, who while calculating on the additional elegances to be acquired by the poſ-

ſeſſion

ſeſſion of her fortune, would yet ſhrink from producing ſuch a woman as a wife.

For in the breaſts of thoſe butterflies, ſuch would be the alternative. With me who have "*ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what* "*I ſee*," the queſtion is very different. Setting fortune wholly aſide, ſince, though by no means deſpiſing the good things of this world, my own is ſufficient to anſwer all my wiſhes, the balance in my heart reſts entirely between mind and perſon. Perhaps it were greatly for my advantage could I ſet perſon as entirely aſide in the queſtion, as fortune, and devote myſelf to mind alone. Yet habit, inveterate habit, ſtill ſways me too powerfully to do this; a devotion to beauty ſeems a part of my original nature, and reaſon has no ſlight taſk to perform in combating this prejudice. She had for a moment triumphed, but even in the ardour of victory met with a repulſe which I can ſcarcely hope ſhe will ever recover.

Yet I muſt repeat it, Oh that I could devote myſelf to mind alone! To that mind which from the pureſt of motives is conſtantly ſeeking no leſs to eſtabliſh on an indeſtructible baſis the ſolid happineſs and comforts of all around it, than to contribute to the lighter enjoyments of life, by promoting a varied ſucceſſion of ſuch pleaſures as carry no remorſe in their train, but are pleaſures equally in the recollection as in the action. To that mind, which full of reflection, full of penetration, loves to contemplate human nature in all its changeful forms and endleſs varieties, and finds ſources for its own inſtruction and improvement in every character it inveſtigates, even from the exalted genius whoſe unbounded ſpeculations ſoar into the ſublimeſt fields of ſcience, whoſe life is paſſed in ceaſeleſs efforts to promote the illumination and improvement of mankind, down to the petty pedant who miſtaking the paſſion for becoming an author,

for

for the talents neceſſary to conſtitute one, amuſes by his follies and extravagances; which can admire the talents of a Ryder, and make him her choſen companion, yet is not too faſtidious to be ſometimes amuſed with the ridiculous vanity and conceit of a Percival Altham.

And ſince, Orlando, the vanity of an Altham may amuſe you as well as Olivia, let me bid adieu to this long train of reflection, over which you have perhaps already begun to yawn, and introduce him to your acquaintance.

He is the nephew of Doctor Paul, the *little bit of an author* mentioned in my laſt. He was introduced here yeſterday evening, when we diſcovered from his converſation that he was not only a *little bit of an author*, but alſo a *little bit of an actor*. He lately paſſed ſome weeks with a ſtrolling company, where he enacted many a hero, many a wit, many a lover, to his own ſatisfaction at leaſt, if not to that of his audience, till at length grown too aſpiring, he wanted to

perform the Widow Warren in the *Road to Ruin*; but this the manager abſolutely refuſed, as he ſaid the young gentleman was far too effeminate for the character.

But though the Doctor with affected humility mentioned his nephew as only a *little bit of an author*, 'tis evident that the nephew does not think ſo humbly of himſelf, but on the contrary thinks his productions may be claſſed with thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers of any age or nation. Indeed the only reſpects in which he falls below them, are in ſtyle, language, ſentiment, intereſt, arrangement, and a few other ſuch inferior conſiderations.

The volumes preſented by his uncle to Olivia, conſiſt of Poetry without cadence or meaning, Tales devoid of intereſt or connection, and Plays barren of plot or incident, ſtill they are his own children, and as ſuch 'tis fit he ſhould regard them with parental fondneſs.

He had not been long in the room when he addreſſed Olivia, "I underſtand, Ma-
" dam,

"dam, that my uncle has already pre-
"sented you with my three little volumes.
"You will excuse the vanity of an old man,
"Madam, who has always considered me
"as his child, consequently regards them
"as his grand-children, and is apt, with a
"grand-father's partiality, to take all op-
"portunities of exhibiting them."

"Such partialities however," said Olivia,
"have surely a claim upon our indulgence,
"and if we do not think them commend-
"able, they are at least only the effect of
"an amiable weakness."

The author looked somewhat discon-
certed, he was evidently angling for a
compliment, and did not expect to have
found the fish so shy of the bait. Not
altogether discouraged, however, by this
one repulse, he resolved to cast his line a
second time. "Indeed I am a little angry
"with my uncle," he said, "for having
"anticipated my intentions. I had pro-
"mised myself the honour of laying my
"humble attempts at courting the Muses

"in my own proper perſon, at the feet of "ſuch a diſtinguiſhed patron of literature "as Miſs Campbell, and had actually be-"gun writing ſome dedicatory verſes to "preſent with them."

But not even the dedicatory verſes could draw one word of compliment from the ungrateful Olivia, ſhe ſtill only replied by a gentle inclination of her head, while I inwardly ſpeculated what our poet would try next. He ſoon reſolved my doubts by proceeding: "Pray, Madam, may I aſk "what progreſs you have made in reading "my volumes? Have you yet peruſed "the Comedy of *The Daſher*, or *Modern* "*Manners?*"

"Indeed, Mr. Altham, I am ſorry to "ſay I have not yet had leiſure to look "into your books. I have been ſo ex-"tremely engaged ever ſince Doctor Paul "was ſo good as to ſend them, that I have "ſcarcely had a moment to devote to "reading."

"Very

"Very unlucky indeed. I wiſhed earn-
"eſtly, Madam, to have talked over that
"play with you; the beſt thing I ever
"wrote in my life; ſhameful behaviour
"of the managers of the London theatres
"that they would not give the public ſo
"high an entertainment; but I ſuppoſe
"they were afraid, for to be ſure I am
"amazingly ſevere; I lay about me at all
"rates, I ſpare neither ſex nor age, neither
"great nor ſmall, but cut, and hack, and
"ſlaſh among 'em all, like any Priam."

"Was Priam ſo great a *hacker* Sir?" I aſked. "I thought hacking had rather "been the characteriſtic of his ſon Hector."

"Well, well, no matter, father and ſon "you know are one fleſh, ſo it ſignifies "little which name was uſed."

"Man and wife," ſaid Olivia, "I know "are allegorically ſaid to be one fleſh, but "I never even in allegory heard father and "ſon reckoned ſo."

"Are not all mankind of the ſame "fleſh?" ſaid Beauchamp. "To put Priam

" for Hector, was therefore no ſuch *prime* " blunder."

" At leaſt," ſaid I, " 'tis one againſt " which you cannot have much to object, " ſince it has afforded you an opportunity " for making ſuch a *firſt rate* pun."

" You certainly conſider it as a pun of " *force*," retorted Beauchamp, who is never ſo much in his element as at a war of puns, " by allowing it to be a *firſt rate*."

" Of *force* it muſt be," I replied, " ſince " it ſeems completely to have ſilenced Mr. " Altham's battery."

" Oh by no means, Sir," ſaid Altham. " I was only waiting till you and Mr. " Beauchamp were *ſilenced*, to obſerve to " Miſs Campbell, that the comedy I men- " tioned is the beſt thing I ever wrote in my " life, full of excellent jokes; I declare I ab- " ſolutely fell off my chair and rolled upon " the ground with laughing, as I wrote " one of them."

" Heavens!" thought I, " whither will " this man's vanity lead him at laſt?"

Then

Then addreſſing him, I ſaid, " Pray Mr. " Altham, do you underſtand French ?"

" *Un fort peu*," he replied.

I was ſatisfied. I found by his anſwer that he could know little enough of it, ſo I ventured to repeat to Olivia, by whom I was ſitting,

> Un ſòt, en ecrivant fait tout avec plaiſir,
> Il n'a point en ſes vers l'embarras de choiſir ;
> Et toujours amoureux de ce qu'il vient d'ecrire,
> Ravi d'etonnement en ſoi-meme il s'admire.
> Mais un eſprit ſublime, en vain veut s'elever
> A ce degré parfait qu'il tache de trouver,
> Et toujour mècontent de ce qu'il vient de faire,
> Il plait à tout le monde, et ne ſauroit ſe plaire.

Olivia ſmiled, and Altham bowed, concluding, I ſuppoſe, that I had paid him a compliment, ſatisfied at leaſt that one was deſerved. But Mrs. Harriſon, who was on the other ſide of me, remonſtrated againſt repeating French verſes, and ſaid: " Come, Mr. Altham, let's make Mr. " Stanhope tranſlate 'em."

" Oh

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

"Oh pardon me, Madam," I ſaid, "I "can by no means think of making "ſuch an attempt. I ſhould be liable "to an action from Monſieur Boileau for "maiming and defacing his incomparable "lines."

Still the good lady inſiſted that 'twas unfair to repeat what could not be underſtood by all the company, and again ſolicited a tranſlation. Altham ſtared, but did not join in her requeſt, not chuſing I ſuppoſe to give the company reaſon to imagine him one of thoſe who did not underſtand the lines, though the ſmile of ſatisfaction on his countenance ſhewed very plainly that he underſtood not a ſyllable of the whole matter. But Olivia, on purpoſe to teaze me, inſiſted with Mrs. Harriſon, that the quoting French ought not to be allowed, and nothing but a tranſlation could expiate my rudeneſs, in having attempted the introduction of a foreign language unintelligible to ſome of the

company. In compliance with her therefore I wrote the following tranſlation, but upon condition that it ſhould go no farther than my neighbours on either hand, ſince it was written entirely at their ſolicitation:

A fool in each ſentence he forms will rejoice,
Nor knows in his writing the torment of choice.
But contemplates with ever-increaſing delight
Whatever his dull-working brain may indite.
While a genius who ſeeks to attain the ſublime,
And aims at perfection in proſe or in rhyme,
Is diſſatisfied ſtill, and unlike t'other elf
Though he charm all the world, yet can ne'er
please himſelf.

I was in hopes that this interruption might have put an end to the author's commentaries upon his own works. But I was miſtaken. On ſuch a favourite topic he was not eaſily to be ſilenced, and he reſumed it once more:

"Excuſe me, Madam, but may I aſk if "you have my volumes near at hand? I "would fain read you a few lines which "have been extremely admired."

"You

"You ſhall have them immediately," ſaid Beauchamp, and away he flew to the library, whence he returned with them in a few minutes.

The author turned the leaves over for a while with a look of extreme ſatisfaction, and complacency, and then exclaimed in tranſport, "Oh here's the paſſage! The "lines, Madam, are from a poem which I "call *Mount Cenis*. I ſuppoſe a traveller "about to make the tour of Italy; he "has croſſed this celebrated mountain, "and after deſcribing its various charms "and wonders in a high ſtrain of poetry, "he breaks out into the following apo-"ſtrophe to Chamberry, where he is reſt-"ing from the toils and perils of the day:

And thou, Chamberry, who with vaſt delight
Look'ſt from the vale to yon ſtupendous height,
While liſt'ning to ſurrounding torrents roar,
Which echo ſtill reverb'rates o'er and o'er;
Thee too I hail, ſince here beneath thy roofs,
I reſt my own and cattle's wearied hoofs.

"Very

"Very fine indeed!" exclaimed Beauchamp, as the author looked round for applause, "don't you think so, Mr. Stanhope?"

"Oh truly sublime," said I. "That idea of resting his own and his cattle's hoofs together, makes so pleasing an impression upon the mind, it brings so forcibly to one's ideas those charming pictures of rural innocence, where one parlour serves both the pigs and their masters. Not that I suppose Mr. Altham means to represent the traveller and his nag as literally warming their feet together over the same fire-side."

"Though that would be new," said Beauchamp, "and in an age so thirsty after novelty as the present, an author who can produce one new idea, certainly deserves well of his country."

"Then," said I, "there is something so truly poetical in the word *hoofs*; now an ordinary poet would have used the hacknied term *limbs*, but Mr. Altham's

" genius is not to be confined to the mere
" ſtrait road."

Though," ſaid Beauchamp, " with ſub-
" miſſion, I think an emendation might
" be made there. What ſay you to alter-
" ing the lines thus?

Thee too I hail, ſince here with thee I ſtop,
For nag and me to reſt each wearied prop.

" Since the *hoof*, though I grant it has
" novelty to recommend it, deſcribes but
" a ſmall part of the leg, whereas the
" whole is very properly deſcribed as a
" *prop*."

" This is ſomewhat hypercritical, I
" think," ſaid I. " Surely 'tis no more
" than a juſtifiable licence to uſe the term
" applied to a part only, for the whole."

" At any rate," ſaid Beauchamp,
" Chamberry is from this moment im-
" mortaliſed, don't you think ſo, Mrs.
" Harriſon?"

" Aye!" ſaid the good lady, putting on
one of her very wiſeſt looks, " and I ſup-
" poſe

"pose Chamberry gauze comes from "Chamberry in France, or Picardy, "which is it?" On a vacancy she hopes to be appointed King's Geographer, as well as astronomer.

The author all this time looked first at one, then at the other, as if not absolutely certain what we were about, and whether he was to take our observations as real compliment, or as ridicule. But the Doctor, however well disposed himself to admire his grand-children, seemed satisfied that we thought less favourably of them, and that it was better to check his nephew, lest he should make himself still more ridiculous. "Come Percival," he said, "'tis "not good manners to make yourself so "much the hero of the company. Miss "Campbell will honour your works with "a perusal at her leisure." Then turning to Olivia, "I must beg your pardon, Ma-"dam," he said, "I am afraid you have "already found my nephew troublesome, "but he has so long been ambitious of

"the

" the honour of becoming acquainted with " Miſs Campbell, that he can ſcarcely " now reſtrain his tranſports."

Percival ſeemed by no means pleaſed with this apology, and to think that his uncle had no buſineſs thus to interfere with him. But as the inflexible heireſs ſtill perſiſted in not giving him any encouragement, he was at length ſilenced, and an opportunity was afforded for the converſation to advert to other ſubjects. So let my pen alſo, to ſubjects of much greater importance, and which ought to have taken the lead of this, but better late than never.

So altered is Harry within a ſhort time, that I can ſcarcely now recogniſe in him the ſame man who accompanied me hither. Penſive and thoughtful he no longer takes the lead in converſation, rarely even joins in it at all, no longer ſeeks diſtinction, but ſhrinks into himſelf, and in the midſt of a large circle hardly ſeems to know that there is any body preſent. I one day noticed this dejection, exhorting him to ſhake

ſhake it off, and endeavour to aſſume, if not the ſpirits with which he commenced his career here, at leaſt ſuch a degree of compoſure and cheerfulneſs as the lenity and kindneſs ſhewn us by Olivia demanded.

"Lionel," he anſwered, ſolemnly and emphatically, "what compoſure can I "feel? What ſpirits can I aſſume? Can "the bankrupt prodigal who knows not "where to raiſe a ſhilling, taſte the ſweets "but of a momentary repoſe? Can the "ſoul-wounded lover, who feels his former "devoted attachment revived even with "tenfold ardour, yet without a diſtant ray "of hope, deck his features in chearful-"neſs, while his heart is conſumed with "corroding anguiſh. No, Lionel, teach "me to retrieve my loſt character, my "ruined fortune; teach me how to win "the affections of Harriot Belgrave, and "then, and not till then, expect to ſee this "care-worn countenance illumined with a "ſmile."

I expo-

I expoſtulated with him warmly againſt thus giving way to a deſpondency, that would only aggravate the evils of his ſituation, and endeavoured to animate him with courage to face his difficulties with manly firmneſs. Scarcely could any ſituation, I urged, be ſo deſperate that it might not be retrieved by reſolution and vigorous exertion, and I aſſured him that no efforts within my power, either in my perſon or my purſe, ſhould be omitted, to aſſiſt in procuring his emancipation from his embarraſſments. I added beſides, that if ſupplies ſhould be wanted beyond my abilities, ample as they were from my father's unbounded indulgence and liberality, I could engage for him that he would be no leſs eager than myſelf in giving all poſſible aſſiſtance to any views that had for their object the reform and reſtoration of the ſon of a beloved ſiſter, of a nephew whoſe lapſe had occaſioned him ſo many hours of real heartfelt uneaſineſs.

After

After much argument I did at length gain my point ſo far as to obtain a promiſe that he would go ſpeedily to Arrenton for the purpoſe of entering upon a thorough inveſtigation of his affairs, and endeavouring to concert ſome plan with his ſteward for putting his debts into a regular train of payment; though, he ſaid, he feared that his eſtate was already mortaged to its utmoſt value. He only entreated me not to urge his departure till after Mrs. Belgrave and Harriot were ſet out upon their Iriſh expedition.

Though I thought that this was but to imbibe a ſlow poiſon, and irritate the wounds I wiſhed to ſee healed, I would not oppoſe his wiſhes, eſpecially as I felt pretty confident that my compliance would not protract his ſtay many days. I would fain have perſuaded him to let me be the companion of his journey, as I thought the ſociety of a friend would at leaſt be a ſource of conſolation to him, if not of aſſiſtance in the arrangement of his affairs.

But

But this he declined, affuring me that without flighting my friendfhip, he had rather at prefent remain in perfect folitude, and be left entirely to the purfuit of his own plans, of which he faid he had many floating in his mind, though none fufficiently matured to be mentioned at prefent.

I gently hinted that folitude might only encreafe his depreffion, and endanger its becoming at laft a fettled melancholy. " No, " Lionel," he faid, " you need not enter- " tain any fuch apprehenfion. I fee per- " fectly well what is now paffing in your " mind, and I freely confefs that there " have been moments when felf-deftruc- " tion feemed my only refource for freeing " myfelf from a fituation become almoft " infupportable. But I dare not now rufh " out of life. No! while exiftence re- " mains I can ftill cherifh a hope that I " may one day be bleffed in the poffeffion " of Harriot, and how wild foever the " idea, while that hope is in view, I could

"not for worlds, by one raſh ſtroke, daſh "it from me for ever."

Though I think the hope he thus cheriſhes a moſt fallacious one, yet did I rejoice to find that there was any object on this earth which could determine him to live at all hazards. Still I tremble at the thoughts of the inveſtigation in which he is about to engage, ſince if he ſhould find his affairs as deſperate as I apprehend them, in a moment of frantic irritation he may forget both Harriot and his reſolution to live for the hope of poſſeſſing her, and take the only poſſible method of releaſing himſelf from the miſery of reflection.

Ryder arrived here two days ago.—"*How do you like him?*" methinks I hear you aſk.

Orlando, that is a difficult queſtion to anſwer. Though not much accuſtomed to feeling awe of my fellow mortals, yet I certainly do feel a degree of ſomething not very unlike awe of him. "*And what*

" *occasions this feeling?*"—upon my honour I cannot tell, unless it be that he has the most penetrating eye I ever beheld; nor do I wonder that when cast upon Mr. Bounce with a sarcastic smile, it drove him to a temporary phrenzy.

When this basilisk orb is fixed upon any one, it seems as if exploring the inmost recesses of the heart, nor can the object of its researches hope to preserve a single thought in concealment. His figure too is tall and commanding, and in every look, every action, appears the dignity of concious talent, not justly prized by a misjudging world.

Let me not, however, be understood to insinuate that he is self-conceited and arrogant. I hold this to be widely different from the innate consciousness of superior talents, nay that they are incompatible with each other. The truly great mind is the most sensible of its own insufficiency, and that when it has arrived at the utmost knowledge human powers can obtain, it

at

at laſt knows comparatively nothing—the little mind alone is vain of its attainments, and ſeeks to thruſt them into notice. This is ſtrikingly illuſtrated in the contraſt between Ryder and Percival Altham. While the latter is inceſſantly labouring to impreſs the company with a high idea of his abilities, he only makes his imbecility the more conſpicuous, whereas in Ryder, without a ſingle effort of his own, the man of power and intellect is conſtantly apparent.

One feature in his character I particularly admire. Though deeply ſenſible of the obligations he is under to Olivia, and behaving to her with the utmoſt reſpect and politeneſs, his attentions never deviate into ſervility, or flattery; and if on any point he happen not to coincide in opinion with her, he delivers his own ſentiments, and controverts hers, with as perfect freedom as he does thoſe of any other perſon. On the whole, he *muſt* be reſpected, he

may be loved; of this I ſhall be a better judge on a farther acquaintance. At preſent believe me

Yours moſt faithfully,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

LETTER VII.

Lionel Stanhope *to* Orlando St. John.

Campbell-House, September 18.

I said rightly, Orlando, that Harry's waiting for Mrs. Belgrave's and Harriot's departure could not protract his ſtay here many days. They ſet off for Ireland yeſterday morning.

How did I pity Harry!—He was to be ſeparated from the idol of his ſoul, perhaps for ever, yet dared not ſo much as preſs her hand to his lips, to imprint on it the ſeal of everlaſting fidelity—dared not by a word, or even by a look, expreſs how tenderly he was intereſted in her welfare—dared not even ſnatch the momentary gratification of handing her to the carriage that was to bear her from his ſight, leſt his trembling frame might betray emotions

which every tie of honour commanded him to conceal.

Not many hours after her departure he called me into his room, and told me that he ſhould no longer delay fulfilling his engagement to me, but that he was under the moſt painful and humiliating embarraſſment with regard to Arthur. He had for ſome time, he ſaid, been extremely troubleſome, and tormented him with complaints of the dull life he led here, threatening to quit his ſervice if he would not leave the place directly. "And heaven knows," ſaid Harry, "how heartily "I wiſh I were rid of him; but—"

Here the entrance of the valet himſelf, prevented his maſter's ſaying more. "Well, Sir, ſaid the impertinent fellow, "I'm come for your final anſwer, whether "or not you mean to leave this damned "place, for upon my ſoul I would not paſs "another week in it for all the maſters in "the world."

"Pleaſe

"Pleaſe yourſelf, Sir. I ſhall ſtay as "long as I pleaſe, or go as ſoon as I pleaſe."

"You are not upon the march, then?"

"I did not ſay that."

"What, you do begin to think of "going?"

"Neither did I ſay that. You ſhall "know time enough when I mean to go."

"But as you don't ſeem in a hurry, "pleaſe to recollect, my dear maſter, that "you gave me warning a full month ago. "So if your honour pleaſes I ſhould be "glad of my wages, which are now five "quarters in arrears, and then D I O."

"I gave you warning, you raſcal, what "do you mean?"

"The ſerenade, you know, when all "had not gone exactly according to ſome "people's wiſhes, and they made a very "ridiculous figure, and I would have joked "with 'em, but they could not bear it, and "took huff, and I was treated with a damn "or two, and then—"

I thought it was better here to interpose, and ſtop this torrent of impertinence, ſo I ſaid—"Yes, yes, Egerton, Arthur is "right; if you recollect you did give him "warning."

"Well then," ſaid he, "let him go and "be damned to him."

"Yes," ſaid the fellow, "but he'll be "damned indeed if he goes without the "five quarters of arrears. He muſt handle "the caſh before he'll budge an inch, and "I ſuppoſe the yellow boys are not very "ready to come forth."

Poor Egerton! it was true that he could at that moment as readily have paid the national debt as the five-and-twenty guineas due to his impertinent valet. As the latter however was contemplating his own beloved perſon in an oppoſite mirror, I took an opportunity, unobſerved by him, to ſlip my purſe into Harry's hand, which enabled him to pay the ſum required. When it was produced, Mr. Arthur ſeemed

all aſtoniſhment, but impudent, to the laſt exclaimed,

"Heyday!—how's all this?—what, "been on the highway?—or have a pack "of coiners got a cave under this fine old "caſtle, and admitted you to a ſnug birth "among 'em?—and was it one of them "that played ghoſt, and blew out my "candle in the curſed long gallery?"

"Raſcal, begone!—ſign me a receipt "in full, and get out of my ſight di-"rectly."

"Boo--oo--oo--oo, how mighty we're "grown ſince we're able to pay our debts! "But come, my dear maſter, let's be *pax!* "I was only joking, and had a mind to "try if I could'nt get you away from this "muzzy place, where, upon my ſoul, "you'll ſoon grow as ruſty and fuſty as "the good folks themſelves."

"This won't do now. I will no longer "ſubmit to being cajoled as I have been, "and ſince you have required your diſ-"miſſion, ſign the receipt and begone."

 "Well,

"Well, there's no occaſion to make "ſuch a fuſs about the matter, and to be "ſo mighty, and ſo huffy—I can get as "good a place any day in the week, where "my wages will be paid regularly too!"

He ſigned the receipt; then examining the money—"I was afraid it might be "only braſs," ſaid he, "but upon my "ſoul I believe it is really pure gold. "Farewell, then, my dear maſter; and "I heartily wiſh you happy with the honeſt "elegant boors of ſervants belonging to "this venerable manſion." Then opening the door, and holding it in his hand, he added, with a ſignificant ſhake of the head—"Ah, never more will thoſe locks "be ſeen to hang with the graceful negligence in which they have been taught "to ſtray by theirs and their owner's "moſt obedient humble ſervant to command Arthur Williams"—and with a fine flouriſh upon his heel, away he marched.

"Oh God, Lionel!" ſaid Egerton, catching my hand, and preſſing it eagerly

as the valet ſhut the door, " you know
" not from what an inſupportable torment
" you have relieved me!—To imperti-
" nence like this have I been compelled
" to ſubmit day after day for the laſt fort-
" night, conſcious of my inability to ſatisfy
" the raſcal's juſt demands."

" And why did you endure it?—Could
" you doubt my friendſhip that you con-
" cealed your diſtreſs?—Oh! Harry, it
" was unjuſt."

" No, thou only being on earth to whom
" I could ever look for conſolation in my
" ſufferings, ſuſpect me not of ſuch in-
" juſtice. Your friendſhip I did not,
" could not, for a moment doubt; I only
" felt that it had been taxed too deeply
" already. Yet why ſhould I have heſi-
" tated to impart this circumſtance to one
" who knows my ſituation ſo well as you
" do? it was perhaps weakneſs.—But now
" it is forced from me, nor, after what
" you have ſeen, need I add that I am at
" this moment deſtitute of even a ſingle

 " guinea

"guinea—deſtitute of every means of "raiſing one but by making yet another "appeal to that heart the generoſity of "which knows no bounds—to that heart "which has ſhewn its friendſhip proof "againſt all that ſo commonly ſunders and "diſſolves connections of this nature. "Yes, Lionel, 'tis to you alone that I can "look for ſuch farther aſſiſtance as is ab-"ſolutely neceſſary for my ſupport, till "ſome permanent plan can be arranged "for my future life."

This morning, at ſix o'clock, he departed. I accompanied him to Doncaſter, where we breakfaſted together, nor did we ſeparate without tears on both ſides. At his earneſt intreaty, his intention of quitting Campbell-Houſe was not previouſly mentioned, and I undertook to make his apology, and diſcloſe his views to Olivia. She was deeply affected at my relation of his ſorrows and remorſe, and made the moſt generous offers of aſſiſting him in any way, or to any extent, that might

might promote the accompliſhment of the arduous and meritorious work he had undertaken. Nor has my good father been leſs liberal, or leſs ſincere, in his offers of aſſiſtance, ſo that I hope, if Harry can but be prevailed upon to accept their ſervices, all may yet be well.

And here let me make honourable mention of Ryder. His penetration could not fail of being immediately ſtruck with Harry's dejection, and he became inſtantly anxious to know the occaſion of it. Applying therefore to Beauchamp, the Biographer general of Campbell-Houſe, he received a full and ample detail of Harry's life and misfortunes, which intereſted him ſo deeply, that it ſeemed from that moment the great object of his mind to endeavour to ſoothe and amuſe him; while Harry, finding ſome relief in the ſociety of one who had not been witneſs to the ſhame and diſgrace he has incurred under this roof, ſhewed more readineſs to accept his attentions, as feeling them leſs humi-

liating

liating to him, than he has ever ſhewn to accept thoſe of any other of our party.

Many times did Ryder entice him to accompany him in a botanical walk, and initiating him into the elements of botany, while he taught him to feel the powerful faſcinations of that ſcience, and to diſtinguiſh the different claſſes, orders, &c. of plants, Harry almoſt forgot that his heart was a prey to a hopeleſs paſſion. Again, when he took him into a laboratory, which he has eſtabliſhed here at Olivia's requeſt, to give her ſome idea of the principles of chemiſtry, aud there exhibited to Harry things which were to him perfect novelties, in the ardour of inveſtigating them our poor friend ſcarcely recollected that his eſtate was mortgaged to the utmoſt extent of its value. Oh that the ſame courſes had been purſued with him years ago! that he had ſought in ſcience, inſtead of diſſipation, the Lethe that was to baniſh the remembrance of his ſorrows!

Orlando,

Orlando, can you doubt that theſe indiſputable evidences of a truly benevolent and ſympathetic heart, have confirmed more ſtrongly my reſpect and eſteem for Ryder's character. I ſaid in my laſt that he *might* be loved, and I feel now that he *ought* to be, yet I know not how it is, there is ſtill to me a ſomething awful about him. Why I find this I cannot exactly tell. 'Tis not merely that I feel my own inferiority to him, though that I certainly do feel, for I am no leſs conſcious of my inferiority to Olivia, yet I feel no awe of her. I think it muſt be referred principally to that exceſſive penetration into character which ſeems almoſt intuitive in him, and I am ſo conſcious that mine will not bear this ſtrict ſcrutiny, that I ſhrink from the very idea of it. Not that the ſeverity with which he certainly can animadvert upon ſome perſons is ever exerciſed but upon extraordinary occaſions, his extreme indignation is only called forth by complete meanneſs and littleneſs of mind.

From

MAHARÁJA SERFOGI'S SA

From ſuch ſtrictures as he paſſes on thoſe who come under this deſcription, good heaven deliver me! But to the petty foibles from which the beſt characters are not exempt, no one is more candid or forbearing.

He was accuſed of miſanthropy while he was at Gibraltar, and he certainly does poſſeſs that meaſure of what is commonly, though miſtakenly, called miſanthropy, which is almoſt the inevitable conſequence of ſo acute a ſenſe of right and wrong as he feels. He cannot but deteſt the maſs of vice and folly in which he ſees ſo large a part of mankind plunged, but he is only the more warmly attracted to any one for whom he can feel a ſincere reſpect, or whom he thinks more an object of compaſſion than of cenſure. Yes, in time I think I ſhall love him.

Let me now return once more to Arthur, who muſt not be finally diſmiſſed before the anecdotes are detailed which honeſt Jerry related of him yeſterday, as he was attending at my toilette.

"Well,

"Well, Sir," ſaid he, "ſo we a got rid "of Arthur howſever. Maſſy on me, well "to be ſure it frights one for to think that "Muſter Egerton ſhould a kept un ſo "long, for as ſartin as can be a's as big a "rogue as iver ſet foot in an honeſt man's "houſe. I bid the butler look well to his "plate, for I thought 'twere a maſſy if "ſome did'nt go away in Arthur's box."

"Why you do'n't think he was quite ſo "bad as that ſurely, Jerry? I know that "he was ſaucy and impertinent, and had "ſeveral other bad qualities, but I never "ſuſpected him of being a downright "thief."

"Ah, why I don't know, but its my "thought that they as will cheat, won't "make many bones a ſtealing too, and to "be ſure a was cheat enough to a's maſter, "or elſe a belies a's own ſelf. 'Twere "but t'other day one of the ſarvents here "had been buying ſome things at Don- "caſter, as were wanted in the houſe, "mops and bruſhes, and ſuch; and ſo

"Arthur a sees 'em laying in the kitchen, "and a tumbles 'em over and over, '*and* '*what did you gin for this?*' says he, '*and* '*what did you gin for that?*' "chucking "'em about as thof he had been as "great as any lord. So the sarvent he "telled un what he gin for 'em, and then "says Arthur, says he, '*and what d'ye charge* '*'em to your mistress?*' says he. So the "fellow he stared, for he's a very honest "fellow as any that lives, and so to be "sure is all the sarvents in this house, "which it is quite a pleasure to be among "'em; so the fellow he stared, '*what I* '*gin for 'em to be sure,*' "says he. With "that Arthur sets up a great horse laugh, '*what a fool,*' says he, '*why I niver in* '*my life bought nothing for my master that* '*I did'n't make interest of the money, three-* '*pence in the shilling at least.*' "I'm sure "I niver was so frighted in all my life, as "for to hear un say such a thing, and if "I had but had the parts of speech as some "folks have, I'd a talked to un, I'd a gin

"it

"it to un as handſomely as ever a had it "in a's life. But your honour knows that "I ben't no matters of a talker, only in a "ſimple kind of way like, ſuch as your "honour's ſo good as to let me talk "ſometimes to you."

"And to be ſure, Jerry, he did de-"ſerve a hearty trimming—a damned "raſcal!"

"Raſcal enough that's for ſartin, your "honour, but I beg your honour's par-"don, you know your honour were ſo "good as to give me leave to ſpeak, "when I heard your honour uſing them "there kind of words."

"What *damned* you mean? 'Tis very "true, Jerry, and I think you'll allow that "I have nearly left them off."

"Yes, your honour, and I'm main glad "on it, and ſo I hope will Muſter Eger-"ton, now a's got rid of that fellow. But "as I were going to tell your honour, a "did get a dreſſing, for Madam Jenny ſhe "were in the ſtore-room, and the door

"warn't

" warn't quite ſhut, ſo ſhe heard all, and " out ſhe comes, and ſhe did larry un, " maſſy on me, what a larry ſhe did give " un, for Mrs. Jenny to be ſure is a mighty " good ſort of a body, but ſhe can talk at " a perdigious rate. But for that matter " 'twarn't no more than Arthur deſerved, " and a fine ſet to they had, and Arthur " telled her ſhe'd better not be ſo free of " her tongue, for a'd go and blow her to " all the world, how ſhe and her miſtreſs, " and then he called Madam ſuch names " as I wouldn't tell your honour again for " niver ſo much, for to be ſure it were " quite a ſhame for to hear him, and a ſaid " a'd blow how they cooked up cheats " together, and wanted to bam her off " upon folks for a lady. So with that all " the other ſarvents ſets upon him, for they " can't none of 'em bear as nobody ſhould " ſpeak a diſreſpectful word of Madam, " and to be ſure they've no right, for ſhe's " all one as kind to them as if they was " her equels; and ſo maſſy how they did

" all

"all ſcold and jaw, and how Arthur did "damn and ſwear at 'em all for a pack of "vulgar ſtupid country boobies."

"Indeed, Jerry, I think 'tis very well "he's gone, if he made ſuch diſturbances "in the houſe."

"And, your honour, there's more too "I've got for to tell you, if I warn't "afeard of being troubleſome."

"Oh no, Jerry, you know I always "like to hear you talk."

"Ah, your honour, that's all along of "your own goodneſs."

"Why, Jerry, we are old friends, and "if they are not kind to each other, I "know not who ſhould be."

"God love your honour, you almoſt makes "one cry for joy, and it's all as one the way "that Madam talks to her ſarvents; there's "narrow a better lady its my belief on "God's bliſſed earth. And as I was "going to ſay, laſt night that fellow truly "wanted the butler to give him a bottle "of Madam's beſt Claret, for he ſwore

"he

"he was ſick of the vulgar ſtuff they gave
"him to drink, it was well enough for
"ſuch fellows as they that knowed nothing
"of life, but 'twas not fit for a man of
"faſhion's ſarvent; though to be ſure your
"honour, there's as good beer and ale in
"the Sarvents' Hall, as any in all York-
"ſhire, which your honour knows it is one
"of the moſt famouſeſt counties in Eng-
"land for beer and ale. So the butler a
"telled un as a was ſurpriſed at a's im-
"pudence. He give him a bottle of
"Madam's Claret indeed! no, truly, he
"wouldn't touch a drop of her wine with-
"out axing her leave for niver ſo much,
"though for that matter ſhe was too good
"a lady to grutch any ſarvent among 'em
"a glaſs o wine if they'd a mind to it,
"which I thought your honour this were
"a very proper thing for the butler to ſay.
"But what does Arthur do, but damns
"him and his curſed methodeſtical cant,
"as he called it, and ſaid there were narrow
"a ſarvent of his acquaintance, as were at

 "all

"all of a gentleman, but what drink'd his "maſter's wine as freely as thof 'twere his "own. 'And more ſhame for em,' ſays "the butler, ſays he, 'for 'tis ſuch raſcals 'as they as makes folks find fault] with all 'ſarvents, and damn 'em for rogues, and 'thieves, and cheats, and 'tis a great 'ſhame,' ſays the butler, ſays he, 'for God 'knows there's as many honeſt ſarvents as 'maſters and miſtreſſes' "ſays the butler, "which I dare ſay your honour won't "pleaſe to be angry as he ſaid ſo, becauſe "your honour knows that there's good "and bad among 'em all, which I dare "ſay your honour won't pleaſe to "deny it."

"Certainly not Jerry. I believe 'tis "often as much the fault of the maſters "and miſtreſſes when ſervants are not "honeſt, as their own, they ſet them ſuch "bad examples."

"God bleſs and love your honour, and "I humbly thank you. But your honour

"were

"were always ſo kind as to ſpeak a good "word for poor ſarvents."

"It would be a ſhame if I did not ſpeak "well of ſervants, Jerry, while I have ſuch "an one as you."

"And for that matter, your honour is "always ſo kind and ſo free, and ſo good-"natured, that it quite does one's heart "good for to hear your honour talk, and "I'm ſure I niver would wiſh no better "luck to a ſarvent than to have ſuch a "maſter as your honour."

Thus did old honeſty and I compliment each other, while from all he had ſaid, I found ſtrong additional reaſon to rejoice that Harry was well rid of ſuch a ſcoundrel as Arthur. I never conceived a good opinion of him, though I have ſometimes, and I cannot defend the practice, amuſed myſelf with his quaint humour; but I did not ſuppoſe him ſuch a complete rogue as he now appears.

Adieu, Orlando. If in future you find me a leſs aſſiduous correſpondent than I

have lately been, you will recollect that my leisure must now be principally devoted to Harry, to whom I know you will joyfully resign the pen of

Yours most truly,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LETTER VIII.

ORLANDO ST. JOHN *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Woodbourne, September 20.

JUSTLY is it obſerved, Lionel, in one of the fineſt tragedies modern times has produced, that "*our joys are momentary*"—I hope I ſhall not find it equally true that "*remorſe is eternal.*" I cannot ſay indeed that of this I have much apprehenſion, ſince though I certainly do at preſent labour under a conſiderable degree of remorſe and ſelf-reproach, I hope my offence is not of a nature ſo heinous as to be wholly inexpiable.

From the date of my letter you will ſee that the joys I experienced at Scarborough, and truly joyful were the days I paſſed there, are now no more. I was ſummoned thence within an hour after I received

ceived your laſt letter, to attend, as from the account brought me I fully expected, the death-bed of my father. I even doubted whether he might at that moment be alive. He had been ſo ſeverely attacked with the gout in his ſtomach, that his recovery was conſidered as impoſſible. But to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, before my arrival at Woodbourne, he was ſo much amended as to be out of danger for the preſent, and as the diſorder is ſettled in his feet, he will probably weather this ſtorm.

And now to my remorſe. When I quitted Scarborough, it was with the full impreſſion that my father would never more riſe from the ſick-bed on which he then lay. I arrived here, and found ſuch an alteration in him, that there is great probability of his continuing not merely months but years. Fain would I experience all the tranſport a ſon ought to feel upon ſuch an occaſion, and my heart ſeverely reproaches me that I do not; I

can only ſay, that our emotions are not ſo entirely under our controul as that we can, upon every event, feel the exact meaſure of joy or ſorrow the occaſion ſeems to require.

I know that my father has always been conſidered by the world as one of the kindeſt and moſt affectionate of parents, and indeed I ſhould be guilty of the higheſt ingratitude did I not acknowledge that he never in his life denied me any reaſonable indulgence. One ſubject of complaint alone can I find againſt him, but this is one I feel very ſeverely, that being an only ſon, and heir to a good eſtate, he has not educated me to any profeſſion. Thus the beſt years of my life are paſſed in idleneſs and dependence; and ſince I can only be relieved from a ſituation ſo irkſome by my father's death, whenever he is indiſpoſed, inſtead of attending upon him with a ſolicitous and painful anxiety for his recovery, I watch the progreſs and probable termination of the diſorder with a liſt-

leſs

lefs and fickly eagernefs; and while my filial affection would rejoice at every fymptom of amendment, my tranfports are damped by the cruel reflection that his death alone can put me into poffeffion of that independence for which I figh.

Oh! had I but been trained to rely on my own induftry for my eftablifhment in life, how much more fatisfactory had been my fenfations. I had then never known the difcontents by which I am now affailed, but, placed above the want of my paternal inheritance, my ardent wifhes had been offered up to heaven for the prolongation of my father's life. If ever it fhould be my lot to have a family of my own, I fhall avoid with the extremeft caution the placing my fon in fimilar circumftances; nor can I be fufficiently aftonifhed that fo many fathers as have felt the mifery of fuch a fituation themfelves, can yet entail the fame mifery on their children.

And what at laft are my profpects, when I fhall come into poffeffion of this long

and tediously expected fortune?—I must either behold three sisters, accustomed to all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life, reduced to a state of comparative indigence, or else the income which should maintain a wife and family must be devoted to their support. Had I been turned out into the world to provide for myself, the estate might have been settled upon them, and they would not then have experienced any change in their situations.

One good effect has, however, resulted from my being summoned so hastily away from Scarborough—that I made my escape without offering to surrender my liberty either to Charlotte or Eliza, which possibly might not have been the case had my departure been more deliberate. But thou seest, *mon cher cousin*, that 'tis not with me absolutely, "*out of sight out of mind.*" No: I still cherish the fond remembrance of my two charmers, I am still the devoted slave of both; and find no resource for alleviating the regrets of absence, but in

living

living over again in recollection the many pleasant hours passed in their society. In this tender occupation I am greatly assisted by some pieces of poetry which I stole from Charlotte, and a collection of songs presented me by Eliza, chiefly of her own composing. These I turn over for ever and for ever, sighing forth over the poetry, —ah, at such an hour, and on such a spot, was this written;—and then adverting to the songs, and on such another spot, or at such another hour, was this warbled, in strains that might have made the stormy billows themselves mute with attention.

Lionel, I have already sent thee two of Charlotte's poetical effusions—surely they must only have set thee craving for more. Well, then, thou shalt be gratified. In a sea excursion we passed within sight of the rock down which the poor maniac here celebrated, takes his monthly flights—a rock so steep and shaggy that none but a maniac could ascend or descend it—when a gentleman in our party, who had once

ſeen him, told us the ſtory. It made a deep impreſſion upon us all, but moſt upon the poetical mind of Charlotte, who, before we returned home, had thus verſified the tragic tale:

THE LUNATIC.

And doſt thou aſk why that wild form,
Regardleſs of the pelting ſtorm,
Down yon' ſhaggy rock's ſteep ſide
Haſtes to meet the flowing tide?
Why he now, with hurried ſteps,
O'er the ſandy ſea-beach leaps;
And, deep within the whelming waves,
His form with madd'ning geſtures laves?
Why his penſive brows around
Are with fantaſtic ſea-wreaths bound;
And, as the briny foam he quaffs,
Why with ideot ſhout he laughs?
Ah! liſt to yonder deep-ton'd bell,
Which ſounds cold midnight's ſolemn knell,
And think that tho' ſurrounding clouds
The vault of heav'n with darkneſs ſhrouds,
Veil'd from our ſight, the full-orb'd moon
"Is riding at her higheſt noon."
Then know, that e'en at this chill hour,
Long ſince, near yonder mould'ring tow'r,

As ſtill the rough rock's brow he pac'd,
And anxious ey'd the watry waſte,
To watch the veſſel that contain'd
The maid who o'er his boſom reign'd,
He heard, ere yet it reach'd the ſhore,
The diſtant ſtorm begin to roar.
He ſaw—ah! who his pangs can tell!—
The foaming waves begin to ſwell;
Saw lightnings flaſh, heard thunders roll,
While wilder tempeſts ſhook his ſoul.

With maddeſt geſtures of deſpair,
He beat his breaſt, he tore his hair;
Invok'd the flame-wing'd lightning's dart
To ſtrike, in mercy, to his heart,
Ere in relentleſs ocean's womb,
His heart's ſole joy ſhould meet her doom.
Yet ah! no dart's unerring aim,
In pity, to his ſuff'rings came:
Still o'er the waſte he ſtretched his ſight,
While, through the intervals of light,
He ſaw the lab'ring veſſel drive
Before the raging tempeſt's reign,
Saw it, with fruitleſs efforts, ſtrive
To ſtem the fury of the main;
Till, to the angry waves a prize,
It ſunk ingulph'd, no more to riſe.

With frenzy ſeiz'd, no fear he knew,
But down the rock as now he flew,

And plung'd amid a dashing wave,
Where too he'd found a watry grave,
But that, by mild compassion led,
One who had mark'd his hasty tread,
And gestures wild, as down the steep
He rush'd impetuous tow'rd the deep,
Undaunted brav'd the billows' roar,
And brought him safely back to shore.

Yet senseless he—thro' all his veins
Fierce fever rush'd with madd'ning pains,
And held long time his scorching breath
In equipoise, 'twixt life and death.
But youth at last disease o'ercame;
New vigour brac'd his shattered frame;
O'er his pale cheek fresh roses bloom'd;
His limbs their wonted pow'rs resum'd:
Yet, when his fev'rish pulse was slak'd
He not to sense, but madness wak'd.
And now, whene'er the full moon sheds
Its paly lustre o'er our heads,
Which faster, while its influence reigns,
Binds the poor maniac's mental chains,
And bids the tossing ocean's tide
Swell higher with encreasing pride,
Soon as the midnight clock he hears
His swift step down the rock he steers,
And plunges, with impetuous haste,
Intrepid 'mid the boundless waste;

To his loſt fair there breathes his vows,
And twines ſea-garlands round his brows.
But when this mournful duty's o'er,
Again he ſeeks the rocky ſhore,
And roves about the neighb'ring plains,
Still warbling ſadly-melting ſtrains;
Strains which his anguiſh'd boſom's woes
In piteous eloquence diſcloſe.
No houſe e'er ſhelters his ſad head,
Yon' cave's his home, cold earth his bed;
There, inoffenſively, he reſts,
Nor others, nor himſelf, moleſts.

Ah! ſee where now he leaves the deep,
Again aſcends the rocky ſteep:
Farewell! poor maniac!—may thy woes
Soon in the grave find loſt repoſe!

Monſieur Lionel, thou poſſibly may'ſt not be aware of the happineſs that awaits thee. Know then that my two enchantreſſes, with the Tichfields and Peggy Perkins, are to ſtay a few days at Campbell-Houſe in their way from Scarborough, where they did not propoſe to remain above three weeks after I quitted it. *Gar-*

dez bien votre cœur, my dearest Li.; for by Jupiter though it has been once offered to the heiress, I suspect its constancy would run a great risk of being shaken by the bright eyes of Eliza de Clairville, or the bewitching dimples of Charlotte O'Brien.

Peggy accompanies the Tichfields to London, where she has now resolved to fix, since, after mature deliberation, she is firmly of opinion that the metropolis is, on the whole, the most advantageous situation for a single unprotected female. Her health, which she flattered herself on her first coming to Scarborough was somewhat amended, is now more deplorable than ever; and nobody, she says, can have an idea of what she does suffer. A few days before I left the place, as I was drinking tea with the Tichfields, Doctor Barford, Peggy's physician, came in, when his patient immediately began to entertain the company with giving him a long detail of her complaints, concluding it with consulting him on the expediency of smoking

a pipe

a pipe every morning in bed, to which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had been very ſtrongly adviſed.

The Doctor replied that he really did not ſuppoſe it could be of any ſervice to her, and it certainly would be a very unpleaſant remedy for a lady to try. Indeed he added, he thought her complaints were principally upon her ſpirits, and that if ſhe would think leſs about herſelf her health would be much better. Such baſe inſinuations rouſed her juſt indignation, and ſhe began a violent attack upon the Doctor, who, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was certain had been liſtening to the malicious ſtories circulated againſt her by her *bitter enemies*, which ſhe found had purſued her, even into this northern latitude. After haranguing in the ſame way for ſome time, the ſubject at length grew ſo extremely affecting that ſhe burſt into tears, pathetically lamenting, that go where ſhe would, ſhe could not eſcape from her perſecutors.

When Doctor Barford was gone, Mr. Tichfield began a consolatory address to his fair cousin, exhorting her strenuously not to be influenced by that Tyro, who really was not worth regarding. He assured her that he had known many surprising cures effected by a pipe taken fasting, but that the physicians always treated the idea of it with contempt, because if the use of such simple remedies were once fully established, farewell to their fees. Peggy was delighted with this advice, and declared she was determined to make the experiment the very next morning. I even thought she would have embraced Mr. Tichfield, as the dearest of all her *dear friends*. The pipes and tobacco were accordingly prepared, and at the proper time in the morning, the tube was filled and lighted, and the patient began to smoke. She had not however persevered for many minutes before she grew extremely sick, and at length her medicine operated

operated ſo violently as to make her really ill for the whole day.

From the *deareſt of her friends*, Mr. Tichfield inſtantly became the moſt *bitter of her enemies*, and ſhe ſolemnly vowed in the firſt tranſports of indignation that ſhe would not, upon any conſideration, remain another day under the ſame roof with him. But afterwards recollecting that, ſhould ſhe put her threat into execution, ſhe did not abſolutely know at that moment what to do with herſelf, ſhe gave herſelf abſolution for breaking her vow, and reſolved to ſhew a bright example of Chriſtian charity, by conſenting to remain where ſhe was till ſhe ſhould find it more convenient to depart. *Addio mio caro cugino*, and believe me

Yours moſt faithfully,

Moſt devotedly,

Moſt affectionately,

ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

LETTER IX.

HENRY EGERTON *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Arrenton, September 22.

NO time has been loſt, Lionel, ſince my arrival, in commencing the great work which brought me hither; and conſidering how ſhort a time has elapſed, much has been done towards aſcertaining the exact ſtate of my affairs. But 'tis a gloomy proſpect indeed that is preſented to me. So deeply do I find myſelf involved, that I was of opinion nothing remained but to make over the eſtate to the principal mortgagee, and ſelling all my effects, to let the produce of them be diſtributed in equal proportions among the reſt of my creditors, as an earneſt for the remainder's being paid whenever it ſhould be in my power.

But

But againſt this plan my ſteward warmly remonſtrated. He ſays this is ſo well-conditioned an eſtate that it would be a great pity to let it paſs out of the family; and he offered, if I would ſurrender my affairs entirely to his management, to allow me a regular annuity of an hundred pounds, and ſtill to put things in ſuch a train as that every incumbrance ſhould be cleared in a courſe of years. To a propoſal ſo much for my advantage I could not heſitate for a moment to accede, and I have actually inveſted him with the powers he required. The houſe is to be let; all the timber that can be ſpared, without injury to the eſtate, is immediately to be cut down; and the money ariſing from this, and the ſale of my carriages, horſes, plate, pictures, and other uſeleſs luxuries, is to form a fund for paying the intereſt, and reducing the principal of my debts. I cannot ſay enough of the ardour this worthy man ſhews in my ſervice; and if at laſt I ſhall be extricated from the ſcene

ſcene of deſolation around me, it muſt be aſcribed almoſt entirely to his vigilance and judgment.

I am now principally occupied by another ſubject. I muſt form ſome plan for providing a ſubſiſtence for myſelf, not merely that I may leave the annuity he propoſes to pay me, for other purpoſes, but that I may contribute by the fruits of my own induſtry to the more ſpeedy liquidation of my debts. But what plan to purſue perplexes me exceedingly. I wiſh to leave the kingdom for a while, as I think a temporary abſence affords the beſt proſpect of retrieving my character, in which, alas! I am now as miſerable a bankrupt as in fortune.

I have thought both of the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, but againſt either of theſe ideas my heart deeply revolts. In the fair way of traffick I could expect little advantage from an adventure to the former country; and I will not add to the load of guilt which already oppreſſes my ſoul, that of

of any more feeking relief from my embarraffments by a fingle ftep which honour and ftrict integrity cannot fanction. As to the latter idea, with what horrible images was I not affailed all night, merely from having harboured it for one moment in the day. Every fpecies of barbarity practifed againft our wretched African brethren feemed prefent to my eyes, bitter groans and lamentations affailed my ears, and I was forced to ftart feveral times from my bed and walk about the room, ere I could fhake off the fearfully vivid impreffions they made upon my imagination. No, I cannot go to thofe infernal iflands!—my confcience would be lacerated with every ftroke under which the back of the wretched negro fmarted.

My prevailing idea at prefent is if poffible to purchafe a commiffion in fome regiment of our own employed abroad, with the exception that it fhould not be in either of the countries already rejected. But to this I am fenfible there are power-

ful objections. In the firſt place, for the purchaſe of the commiſſion I muſt draw upon that fund which ought to be conſidered as ſacred to other purpoſes; and in the ſecond place, there ſcarcely appears a poſſibility of ſaving any thing out of the income of my commiſſion towards aſſiſting in the payment of my debts. I have ſometimes thought of entering into the ſervice of ſome foreign power, but with the nature of ſuch an engagement I am at preſent too much unacquainted to be able to decide how far the plan might be eligible or not. Would to heaven I could determine on ſomething that would afford a ſatisfactory proſpect of attaining objects I have ſo much at heart! but 'tis one of the curſes of ſuch a life as I have led, that if the mind ever wiſhes to throw off its ſhackles, it but wanders about in a maze of perplexity, unable to arrange any plan that requires ſuch a total alteration of its former views and habits.

Oh,

Oh, Lionel! aſſiſt me if you can with your advice. Your mind is leſs oppreſſed, and may, perhaps, be more fertile in reſources. Yet think not that I lay before you theſe various projects, or deſire your ſentiments on the ſubject, with any view of exciting you to farther offers of pecuniary aſſiſtance for carrying my plans into effect. No, no, Lionel; after the repeated experience I have had of your boundleſs generoſity, I ſhould be culpable beyond excuſe in thus attempting

"To wind about your love with circumſtance."

Of a friendſhip ſo ardent and unwearied as you have ſhewn me, the world can furniſh but few examples. A connection of blood led us into an early intimacy, and in the boyiſh ſports we purſued together were ſown the ſeeds of an attachment which I hope will ceaſe but with our exiſtence. For years this friendſhip, ſo delightful to both, paſſed on unobſcured by any glaring improprieties of conduct, and though occaſionally

caſionally guilty of youthful follies, to depravity of heart we were equal ſtrangers. One circumſtance of deep calamity fatally changed the ſcene with regard to me, and while I yielded myſelf up a votary to vice and diſſipation, your friendſhip drew you but too often into ſimilar inſtances of miſconduct, and you incurred opprobrium as a profligate when you ought to have received encomium as a friend. Yet not all the contumely you thus experienced, not all the ſlight and contempt with which you ſaw me treated by a world, who, not knowing the fatal cauſe that drove me into diſſipation, could not be expected to ſhew any lenity towards me, could make any alteration in your affection.

To a friendſhip ſuch as this I ſhould be unpardonable in making an indirect appeal. But I have reſolved to treſpaſs no farther on your generoſity. All efforts made in future for my emancipation ſhall originate in myſelf alone. Your advice is

all

all I aſk—the advice of a mind leſs diſtracted than my own.

Has any intelligence yet been received of Harriot?—How my heart aches when I reflect that ſhe is, perhaps, at this moment, traverſing the ſame ocean which proved the grave of my Emily!—'Tis almoſt needleſs to ſay, write the very moment any tidings are heard of her, ſince you are too well acquainted with the ſtate of my feelings to delay unneceſſarily giving me the ſatisfaction of knowing that ſhe is in ſafety;—and remember beſides, Lionel, what I ſaid to you at parting, that no cordial equal to that of hearing from you very frequently, can be adminiſtered to the ſoul of

Your faithfully affectionate

HENRY EGERTON.

LETTER X.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* HENRY EGERTON.

Campbell-House, September 24.

'TIS with heartfelt pleaſure, my dear Harry, that I can impart to you the delightful intelligence of Mrs. Belgrave's and Harriot's ſafe arrival at Dublin. This welcome information Olivia received this morning, in a letter written immediately after their landing. Their voyage was pleaſant and expeditious.

Would that it were in my power to write to you as ſatisfactorily upon another ſubject! but indeed, Harry, the more I revolve in my mind that upon which you aſk my advice, the more deeply do I feel the difficulties of your ſituation, and how much more eaſy it is to find a plan that will not anſwer than one that will. Let me only

only exhort you not to determine raſhly upon any thing, for time may preſent things to your choice far more eligible than thoſe that ſuggeſt themſelves at preſent. I muſt alſo enter my proteſt againſt your thinking of leaving the kingdom, at leaſt immediately. I own there is much juſtice in your idea that a temporary abſence might be the beſt means with the world in general, of obliterating the recollection of your paſt follies; but the few whoſe good opinions are of the moſt importance to you, will want nothing but to witneſs the reformation that has taken place in your conduct, to regard you with the reſpect you deſerve. Suffer your worthy ſteward, then, to purſue his plan; let him allow you a preſent ſubſiſtence, and thus you will be at liberty to weigh with deliberation any thing hereafter preſented to your choice, and probably be ultimately ſettled in a far more advantageous way than what would be deviſed by haraſſing and torturing your mind at this moment.

We have had another moſt curious ſcene with Doctor Paul and Percival Altham, of which I cannot forbear giving you a detail.

Olivia, Beauchamp, Ryder, and myſelf, were taking a walk yeſterday after dinner, when we met the illuſtrious uncle and nephew, accompanied by a Mr. Sewell, a college friend of the latter, and very lately, upon his arriving at the delightful age of twenty and one, become a member of Parliament. Our party would fain have paſſed on after merely exchanging the cuſtomary civilities of "*how do you do,*" and, "*a moſt* "*delightful afternoon.*" But the Doctor would by no means be thus ſhaken off. He began proſing in his uſual manner, and preſently took an opportunity of giving a pretty broad hint, that he and his two companions ſhould like to ſpend the evening at Campbell-Houſe. Olivia was at firſt cruel, and diſregarded his hint, but after a repetition of it on the Doctor's part, in two or three different ſhapes, ſhe grew

more compliant, and at length made the desired invitation. Accordingly, the three gentlemen joined our company, and walked home with us.

On our return we found Mrs. Harrison extremely impatient for her tea, so that the moment we appeared, she began growling at Olivia, reproaching her that when she got a walking and a talking with Mr. Stanhope, she was so confounded selfish that she never thought about any body else, and they might be starved for what she cared. To this invective Olivia making no answer, the lady's eloquence upon that subject was soon exhausted; but since a certain quantity of spleen had lodged itself in her bosom, of which it was absolutely necessary that it should be disencumbered, she presently selected Doctor Paul as the object on whom it should be vented.

"So Doctor," she began, "why, they "tell us that you are agoing to be married "to Mrs. Stapleton."

"I, Madam? I going to be mar-
"ried to Mrs. Stapleton? Indeed I—
"I can't imagine, Madam, where you
"could hear that."

"Lord, Doctor, why it's the great
"news of Doncaſter. We was over there
"this morning, and the whole town rung
"of it."

"The town did me vaſt honour in in-
"tereſting itſelf ſo much about me, Ma-
"dam; but indeed I am at a loſs to con-
"jecture how ſuch a report ever could
"come into circulation."

"Lord, why I don't at all wonder that
"it's reported. Nay, and for my part I
"believe it's true."

"Surely *Mrs. Harriſon* cannot believe
"it to be true."

"Why, Lord how could any body think
"any thing elſe, when you was ſo very
"particular to her the other day when we
"was all there."

"I particular, Madam? Particular to
"Mrs. Stapleton when *Mrs. Harriſon* was
"in the room?"

"Why,

"Why you would'n't play at cards with "me, but would ſit by Mrs. Stapleton "and help her pour out the coffee."

"Surely Mrs. Harriſon does not mean "that as a reflection upon me, when ſhe "knows I am no card-player, but rather "make it my peculiar province at parties, "to walk about and ſee that all poſſible "attention is paid to the ladies."

"Well, that's all well enough. But "you know when I had that diſpute with "Mrs. Baxter about the odd trick, you "was all on my ſide, till Mrs. Stapleton "took Mrs. Baxter's part, and then you was "ſo confounded ſelfiſh that you wouldn't "ſay any thing more, and ſo I was ob-"liged to give up the game, though I'm "ſure 'twas mine by right."

"My dear Madam, I am quite con-"cerned that you ſhould ſo much miſap-"prehend the affair. I certainly never "expected to be underſtood as taking "Mrs. Baxter's part, but knowing that "both ſhe and Mrs. Stapleton were ex-

"tremely paſſionate, I thought it beſt not "to irritate them by further oppoſition."

"So you rather choſe to play the hypo-"crite yourſelf," ſaid Sir Francis, "than "to ſuffer two old women to pull caps? "For my part, I'd have ſeen all the old "women's caps in the kingdom pulled to "pieces, aye and their wigs into the bar-"gain, before I'd have acted ſo ſneakingly "to ſave 'em."

"Pardon me, Sir Francis, but I cannot "ſee any thing ſneaking or hypocritical in "endeavouring to prevent a quarrel. 'Tis "rather performing one of the Chriſtian "divine's moſt ſacred duties, by keeping "up the '*unity of the ſpirit in the bond of* '*peace*.'

"That ſounds very fine, to be ſure. "But I will maintain, that whoever ſays "what he does not think, merely to pacify "a couple of ſparring old women, is a "ſneaking fellow, let him varniſh over "the matter as he pleaſes. I beg pardon,

"Doctor,

" Doctor, but *I* always ſpeak my ſenti-
" ments, whatever *you* may do."

" Yet with ſubmiſſion, Sir Francis, al-
" low me to obſerve that you ſtill ſeem
" to miſapprehend the matter. I did *not*
" ſay what I didn't think, but merely
" withdrew from any farther interference
" in the diſpute, obſerving, as is really the
" fact, that Mrs. Stapleton was much better
" acquainted with the game than myſelf."

" So inſinuated that you thought her
" right, when you knew very well that ſhe
" was wrong."

" Oh by no means. The caſe was
" ſimply this. I ſaw plainly that if I were
" to ſupport my opinion againſt Mrs. Bax-
" ter and Mrs. Stapleton, it muſt occaſion
" a long and vehement debate. Fully
" ſenſible therefore of the vaſt ſuperiority
" of Mrs. Harriſon's temper over thoſe of
" the other ladies, I truſted that ſhe would
" excuſe my dropping the ſubject, rather
" than ſuffer ſuch an interruption to the

"general harmony of the company to be "prolonged."

This excuſe, and the compliment it contained to her temper, ſeemed perfectly to ſatisfy Mrs. Harriſon. But Sir Francis was not to be gotten rid of ſo eaſily, he was too happy in an opportunity of tormenting his courtly opponent, to let the ſubject drop, and he proceeded:

"That's no excuſe at all; I ſay, that to "inſinuate a lie, or to equivocate, is full "as bad as to tell a lie flatly. Nay, I "think 'tis worſe, for, contemptible as a "lie is in any ſhape, there's ſomething "more manly in telling one fairly and "boldly, than in endeavouring to ſkulk "behind the letter of truth, while violating "its ſpirit."

"I am ſure, Sir Francis, that nobody "can deſpiſe a trimming double-dealing "mode of conduct more heartily than I "do. But I muſt nevertheleſs think "there is a great difference between ſay-

"ing

"ing what you do *not* think, and not say-
"ing *all* that you do think."

"Certainly. And I'm far from wiſhing "you to ſpit your opinions in every body's "face. Had you at once declined med- "dling in the buſineſs, I ſhould have had "nothing to ſay againſt it. But excuſe "me if I think 'twas damned ſneaking "when once you had engaged in it, to "ſkulk out of it again in ſuch a paltry "manner."

"I own that Mrs. Stapleton drew an "inference from what I ſaid, which I by "no means expected."

"Then why not ſet her right?"

"I thought it not worth while in ſo un- "important a matter."

"But if I ſee a man diſhoneſt in trifling "concerns, I'm damned apt to ſuſpect that "he's not over ſcrupulous in great ones."

"Indeed, Sir Francis, it gives me in- "finite concern to find you taking up the "matter ſo ſeriouſly. Had I conceived "that my ſilence could be ſo miſinter-

"preted, I would have defended my opi-
"nion with all poſſible warmth. But let
"me intreat you to drop the ſubject at
"preſent, and if I might hope for
"the attendancce of this company at
"church next Sunday morning, I have a
"ſermon in my pocket which I ſhall then
"deliver, in which the arguments for the
"generally complying diſpoſition I would
"recommend, are brought together into
"a focus, and conſequently placed in a
"more forcible light than they can be in
"the eagerneſs of verbal diſcuſſion. And
"I do flatter myſelf, Sir Francis, that
"when you come to find that this pacific
"mode of conduct is enforced ſo very
"emphatically by one of the moſt cele-
"brated teachers of the Chriſtian church,
"you will view the matter in a very diffe-
"rent light."

"I certainly will attend for one," ſaid Sir Francis, "for I ſhall be damned glad
"to ſee where you can find any arguments
"from Scripture to defend ſo bad a cauſe,
"ſince

" ſince I have always been told that they
" recommend honeſty and plain-dealing."

" And may I hope to be honoured with " the attendance of the reſt of the com- " pany," ſaid the Doctor, bowing courteouſly round.

Mrs. Harriſon, over whoſe countenance the bright ſunſhine of ſerenity had been gradually ſpreading itſelf ever ſince the compliment paid her by the Doctor, was by this time ſo much recovered as to be capable of thinking of a *hoax* again. Perceiving therefore an admirable opportunity for one here preſented, ſhe whiſpered me, " *Let's have a little fun with the Doctor*." Then turning to him ſhe ſaid, " Why, " Doctor, I think you mentioned that you " had got the ſermon in your pocket. I " don't ſee why we ſhould wait for Sun- " day, ca'n't you read it to us now?"

The Doctor drew himſelf up with much ſelf-complacency, and as if highly gratified at finding that his compliment to her temper had not been thrown away, but was

returned by one to his oratory. As it was necessary however to affect some coyness on the occasion, he replied with a grin of satisfaction, "Oh pardon me, Madam, I "could not think of trespassing so far on "the patience of the company."

"Pho now, Doctor, don't be so coy, "we will have the sermon; I'm sure we "shall all like to hear it."

"That's bold, Cousin Becky," said Sir Francis, "to answer for the whole com- "pany."

"Lord, why I'm sure you'll like it "better than going to church. So come "Doctor."

"Oh pray, Madam, excuse me."

"No, no, come begin."

"Well then, if I must not be excused. "But we must apply for permission to the "mistress of the house; perhaps Miss "Campbell had formed some more enter- "taining plan for the evening."

"Oh no, I'm sure she could not find "one more entertaining," said Beauchamp.

"Certainly,"

"Certainly," ſaid Olivia, "I would "wiſh the company to do whatever will "be moſt agreeable to themſelves."

"Nothing will be half ſo agreeable as "the ſermon," ſaid Rebecca, "don't you "think ſo, Mr. Stanhope?"

"Moſt certainly," ſaid I.

"Well, thoſe that are againſt it hold up "hands," ſaid Rebecca.

But of courſe not a hand could be held up, ſo the queſtion was conſidered as carried *nem. con.*

"But I ſay, Doctor," continued Mrs. Harriſon, "if you preach you ſhould have "a pulpit; a ſermon won't ſound half ſo "well without a pulpit. So I'll tell you what "we'll do; let's go into the library, and "then you can get up into them ſteps that's "almoſt like a pulpit, and preach from "there."

"An excellent thought," ſaid Beauchamp, "I ſecond the motion."

"Oh an admirable one," ſaid I, "and "as being propoſed by a lady, the Doctor "certainly can't refuſe."

"Excuſe

"Excuſe me," ſaid the Doctor, "but "ſurely it will be as well read here."

"Oh no," ſaid Mrs. Harriſon, "we "will have it from the pulpit. Come "Miſs Campbell."

The Doctor ſmirked, and ſmiled; I ſaw that he was not diſinclined to the matter, ſo flying to the room door I opened it, "Mrs. Harriſon is perfectly right," I ſaid, "the ſermon would loſe half its effect if "not delivered from the pulpit."

Mrs. Harriſon delighted at my falling thus complacently into her *hoax*, ſtarted up, and ſallied out of the room, the Doctor riſing at the ſame time and ſaying, "we'll "follow the ladies."

There was now no choice left to the reſt of the company, ſo we all adjourned to the library, where the ſteps being properly placed, the Doctor aſcended them, and we ſeated ourſelves upon chairs around him. Olivia was totally unable to reſiſt a ſmile, though ſhe ſeemed to think the ſcene rather too ridiculous, while Ryder looked ſomewhat grave and awe-inſpiring; Sir Francis

was

was half angry, half diverted; Beauchamp and I enjoyed the *hoax* highly, as did Mrs. Harrison, though in a different way; while Mr. Sewell stared about him, not knowing what to make of the matter; and Percival Altham sat and contemplated his uncle with profound reverence, as if he thought him the greatest man in the kingdom, himself only excepted.

When we were all seated, the Doctor drew out his white handkerchief, hemmed, blew his nose, and then tucking the handkerchief into his waistcoat for want of a cassock, the sermon was produced, and he began:

In the first Epistle of St. Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians, the ninth chapter, the twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second verses, you will find these words. The twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second verses, of the ninth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians.

"And unto the Jews I became as a "Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to "them

" them that are under the law, as under
" the law, that I might gain them that are
" under the law;

" To them that are without law, as
" without law, (being not without law to
" God, but under the law of Chriſt) that
" I might gain them that are without law;

" To the weak became I as weak, that
" I might gain the weak; I am made all
" things to all men—"

" To all *women*, I think it rather ought " to be in the preſent inſtance," interrupted Beauchamp, " ſince the queſtion " aroſe upon a diſpute between two fair " ladies."

The Doctor, ſpite of his uſual courtly diſpoſition, was now touched in ſo tender a part, the interruption of his oratory, that caſting a not perfectly complacent look upon Beauchamp, he ſaid, " Would you " wiſh, Sir, to ſuggeſt any other emenda- " tions before I proceed? They will pro- " bably be well received now, ſince 'tis

" become

"become ſo much the faſhion to make "improvements in the ſacred writings."

"I beg pardon for the interruption, "Sir," ſaid Beauchamp. "I own it was "a breach of good manners; pray pro- "ceed."

But before he could proceed, Mrs. Harriſon jogged Percival Altham, "Where's "the text?" ſhe ſaid, "I didn't rightly "hear."

"It was ſomewhere in Paul, Madam," anſwered Percival.

"Oh," ſaid the lady, while both giver and receiver ſeemed perfectly ſatisfied with the reply.

The preacher, however, overhearing what had paſſed, ſaid, "With permiſſion, "Madam, I will name my text again, as "you ſeem not to have heard it perfectly, "and then we ſhall proceed regularly. "But let me be allowed firſt to premiſe, "for the better underſtanding that part of "my diſcourſe, which is a ſort of intro- "duction to the preſent ſubject, that I am

"going

going through a regular courſe of ex-
" plaining St. Paul's Epiſtles to my con-
" gregation, and I therefore take a cer-
" tain portion in ſucceſſion for my text
" every Sunday, which, God willing, I
" purpoſe to continue till I ſhall have gone
" through the whole."

" An excellent idea," ſaid Sir Francis,
" and muſt ſave a deal of unneceſſary time
" otherwiſe ſpent in ſelecting texts."

" It was indeed the difficulty of *ſelecting*,
" where every part is ſo beautiful," ſaid
the Doctor, " that firſt ſuggeſted this idea
" to my mind. In this way, ladies and
" gentlemen, you will be pleaſed to un-
" derſtand I have gone through the whole
" Epiſtle to the Romans, and as much of
" the firſt Epiſtle to the Corinthians as
" precedes my preſent text." Then ſtroak-
ing the frill of his ſhirt, inſtead of his
band, which he miſſed on feeling for it,
he was about to proceed, but there was yet
another point to ſettle before this could be
permitted. Mrs. Harriſon reſolved to

loſe

loſe no opportunity of being as *funny* poſſible, ſaid, " Doctor, you don't ſeem " comfortable without a band, we'll make " you one in a minute," and twitching up a piece of paper ſhe began to rummage her pocket for a pair of ſciſſars. But the Doctor thanking her, begged ſhe would not give herſelf ſo much trouble, that there was not the leaſt occaſion for a band; ſhe however perſiſted, ſo the band was cut and fixed into his ſhirt collar.

Nor was this grand interruption yet at an end, for now Percival, who had obſerved his friend Mr. Sewell grinning very much for ſome minutes, and jealous leſt it ſhould imply a ſneer at his uncle, aſked him rather indignantly what he was laughing at? " I was only thinking," replied the young member of Parliament, " whe-" ther St. Paul's Epiſtles were franked." This was the firſt word he had been heard to ſpeak ſince he came into the houſe, you will eaſily believe we now earneſtly wiſhed that it might not be the laſt.

At

At length all was ſilent, and the Doctor once again began to hem, when, oh more cruel than any of the interruptions he had hitherto met with, a ſervant came in with a letter, which giving to the Doctor, he ſaid it was brought by the conſtable of a neighbouring pariſh, who begged to ſpeak with him directly.

"Pſhaw, what can the fellow want?" ſaid the Doctor, "tell him I am engaged, "and cannot attend to him now."

"He has brought a woman with him," ſaid the ſervant, "who is taken up for pilfering things from ſome of her neighbours, and he hopes you'll be ſo good "as to examine her, that he may carry "her to gaol to night, for ſhe's ſuch an "old offender that he's ſadly afraid of her "giving him the ſlip."

"Pſhaw," again repeated the Doctor. "This is extremely unfortunate. Surely "nobody was ever ſo haraſſed with buſi"neſs as myſelf. You ſee ladies and "gentlemen, how impoſſible it is for me

"ever

"ever to ſteal a few hours to enjoy the "ſociety of my friends. But there's no "refuſing this man, ſo I muſt beg you to "excuſe me; I will diſpatch the buſineſs "however as quickly as poſſible, and then "I hope we ſhall not be interrupted any "more."

He now deſcended from the pulpit, read the letter, which he threw down upon the table, and taking Percival with him as his clerk, adjourned to the Servant's Hall to hold his court of juſtice. Inſtigated by that curioſity which never deſerts me, I took up the letter, and found it ſo well worth preſervation, that I ſtole it into my pocket, and here, Harry, preſent you with it. The writer of it, as I afterwards learned, is ſquire of the neighbouring pariſh of Watchford. His character may without difficulty be inferred from his ſtyle of writing.

Sir,

The woman that's bro' before you by the officer of my pariſh, is of a diſtinguiſed

guiſed character for badneſs and boldneſs of all kinds; ſhe has broke into ſeveral houſes by account. one of my houſes that was occupied by two young gentlewomen ſince dead. ſhe traverſed the whole houſe, and broke open a bureau, were ſhe found two purſes, one ſhe took and carried off, whi^h in her hurry was that of ſilver. Mr. W———, my butcher at P———, ſhe gott into his houſe and took a ſum of money, whi^h was found upon her, and Mr. W——— took from her. the poor people of my pariſh can't even ſett y^e ſmalleſt triffle out of doors but ſhe conceales it, add to y^s ſhe is the looſeſt of women perſonally in regard to men, and retains my lower ſervants half ye night, or ye whole night if I was to know the truth. now, Sir, I referr her to your prior judgment.

I am, Sir,

Yours moſt obediently,

B. Speare.

The Doctor was ſo long abſent, that by the time he returned all reliſh for the *fun* of

of hearing his ſermon had ſubſided among the company, and at his return therefore, when he would have re-aſcended the roſtrum, Olivia excuſed us by ſaying, that ſhe was afraid it was too near ſupper to think of beginning then, but ſhe hoped they ſhould all have the ſatisfaction of hearing it on the following Sunday. I ſuſpect it will not be heard in that way, by

Yours moſt ſincerely,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XI.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* HENRY EGERTON.

Campbell-Houſe, September 30.

HARRY, I muſt unburthen my heart to you; I have had an altercation with Ryder which gives me the extremeſt uneaſineſs, and it will be a relief to my mind to communicate it. That I always thought there was ſomething awful in him you know, though you never were ſo ſenſible of it as myſelf. This inſenſibility on your part, however, ſeemed eaſily accounted for, ſince the kind attentions he ſhewed you would of courſe make impreſſions upon your mind ſo much in his favour, that you could not be quick at diſcerning his imperfections. Yet, perhaps, I am not juſtifiable in uſing the term imperfections here, ſince it may not have been his aim to inſpire me with awe

though

though ſuch was the effect—the fault may have been ſolely in myſelf. But ſo often did I meet his eyes fixed ſteadily upon me, and ſo dreadfully penetrating are thoſe eyes, that I could not help ſhrinking from them inſtinctively.

I mentioned in my laſt his looking ſomewhat grave and formidable when the farce of the ſermon was played by Doctor Paul; and that I perceived him ſeveral times caſting looks of mingled concern and indignation at Olivia, for which I really thought there was no ſufficient reaſon. But till this morning I had not the leaſt conception of the deep impreſſion made upon him by our levity at that time, and on ſome other occaſions when we have amuſed ourſelves at the expence of the uncle and nephew.

Upon my firſt acquaintance with him, I was diſpoſed to ſubſcribe to the opinion generally received in this houſe, that he was unjuſtly charged with miſanthropy, and I actually vindicated him from it in a

letter to St. John—but I know not how I ſhall ever be able conſcientiouſly to deny that charge again.

On the very morning after the memorable ſermon frolick, I had taken a book with intent to retire to my favourite ſecluſion, in the wood in which Lucy's cottage ſtands: when as I approached the ſpot, my attention was ſuddenly arreſted by beholding Ryder exactly in the poſition deſcribed ſo poetically by the elegant Gray:

> There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
> That writhes its old fantaſtic root ſo high,
> His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
> And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Only that here it was beneath an oak, not a beech, that the moraliſer was extended. His head reſted upon the end of the root that hangs directly over the water, on which his eyes were fixed, watching the hundreds of little fiſh that are always ſcudding there to and fro. And ever and anon he dipped his hand into the ſtream,

as if to catch the ſportive navigators, with whom he wiſhed to deſcant on the comparative happineſs of their ſituation and his own; perhaps to tell them how much he thought their fate worthy of envy, when compared with that of reaſoning man, ſince though placed in a rank ſo far below him in the ſcale of creation, yet wanting reaſon, they were exempted from thoſe ſorrows that muſt inevitably attend on the poſſeſſion of ſo proud a diſtinction. I could have written volumes on the capriciouſneſs of fortune, the inſtability of human life, the few ſources of enjoyment, and the endleſs ones of miſery, it preſents, from the ideas with which I was furniſhed by his looks and actions during five minutes that I ſtood to contemplate him before he became ſenſible of my intruſion.

He then ſtarted up, and with a quickneſs in his manner, and an irritation in his eye that rendered it even more than uſually piercing, accoſted me with a remark on the lovelineſs of the weather, and the de-

licious ſolitude of that ſpot, which he ſaid he ſuppoſed was my favourite reſort; then looking at his watch, and catching up his hat which lay on the ground, he walked haſtily away, without waiting for any anſwer from me, taking the path that leads to the cottages.

I was ſo much ſtruck with all this, that while I ſtood for ſome minutes looking after him, loſt in aſtoniſhment, I did not obſerve that he had dropped a piece of paper. But when I had ſomewhat recovered myſelf, perceiving this, I took up the paper, on which I found the following ſtanzas. Perhaps I had no buſineſs to read them; but my curioſity was at the moment too much awakened to conſider whether I were doing right or wrong.

THE SIGH OF HIM WHO IS NOT LOVED.

OH Nature! ſince in mutual love
Thy voice bids all thy creatures join,
Say why that bliſs muſt I not prove;
For I, too, am a child of thine.

Lives

Lives there thro' all thy works ſo fair,
In foreſt wild, or cultur'd plain,
A creature, breathing life and air,
But loves, and is belov'd again.

Does not each flow'r that charms the ſight,
Do not each plant, each ſhrub and tree,
In mutual bonds of love unite ?—
Yet ah ! ſtill nought loves hapleſs me !

Dark are to me the ſun's bright rays,
One dreary void ſeems this vaſt earth,
Since thus depriv'd, I paſs my days
Of what makes life alone of worth.

I muſt own, however, that by reading this, my curioſity, inſtead of being gratified, was only the more ſtrongly excited. I ſpeculated much whether the ſtanzas were his own compoſition, though if they were, according to Charlotte O'Brien's poſition, I was not to conſider them as a picture of his mind. Yet, ſpite of her, I ſuſpected that they were his own writing, and the effect of feeling; and on this point I reſolved to endeavour to procure

satisfaction, by giving the paper to him myself, when I thought his manner of receiving it, would be an index to assist me in discovering the secret. But here I was disappointed. When I saw him at dinner I presented the paper, and said that as I found it at the foot of the tree he had just left, I concluded it to be his. He replied with perfect composure, and indifference, that it was so, thanked me, and took no farther notice of the matter.

I began now almost to think that I had made more of the morning's adventure than it deserved, and to persuade myself that the young cynic was only waiting in the wood till Lucy's school was broken up, and he could go and pay his devoirs to her; a conjecture which his looking at his watch and taking the path to the cottages seemed to render very plausible. I therefore went again the next morning, without hesitation, to the same spot, but on approaching it I found Ryder precisely in the attitude that I had seen him

him the preceding day. I began now to be vexed with myſelf, and wiſhed to get away unperceived by him, which at firſt I flattered myſelf I had done, but looking back after I had gone a little way, I perceived him walking off ſo much in the ſame hurried and agitated manner as the day before, that I could not doubt but that I was the cauſe of it; and from that inſtant therefore I reſolved to forego my uſual viſits to the ſpot during his ſtay at Campbell Houſe. To this reſolution I ſtrictly adhered till this morning, when accident alone, to my inexpreſſible mortification, led me to tranſgreſs it.

Beauchamp and myſelf paſſing together through Maxtead church-yard between eleven and twelve o'clock, where we found a great concourſe of people aſſembled, were induced to enquire what had attracted them thither. It was, as indeed we immediately conjectured, a wedding. The maſter of the public-houſe at Watchford was to be united in holy wedlock to the bar-maid of

the Campbell-Arms, and the bride folks, as the people told us, were expected every moment. In a ſportive mood I propoſed ſtopping to attend the ceremony, to which Beauchamp was by no means reluctant, and accordingly when the bride and her beloved came, in a few minutes after, we followed them into church.

The ceremony was performed, the marriage regiſtered, Doctor Paul received his fee, wiſhed the young couple happy, and was walking away. But the bride-groom ſtopped him, and ſaid, ſcratching his head, "I hope your honour'll pleaſe "to let me have my licence again?"

"No, Mr. Welton; I muſt keep that."

"But pleaſe your honour what am I to do, then?"

"It is not any concern of yours, Mr. "Welton. The licence always remains "in the miniſter's hands."

"I hope not, your honour, for you "knows as I can't ſell ale, nor nothing elſe "without it."

"Sell

"Sell ale ?—what do you mean ?"

"Why your honour knows, being as "you be a juſtice yourſelf, that nobody "can't ſell ale without his licence."

The Doctor now for the firſt time looked at the licence, for as it was growing late when the parties arrived, and he concluded it to be right, he had not concerned himſelf about it before. But on examination, he found that the good publican had actually brought his ale licence as a paſsport to the altar of Hymen.

"Hey ?—how's this ?" cried the Doctor.—"Why this is a licence to ſell ale, "not a marriage licence. What did you "mean by bringing this, you blockhead ?"

"Why I din't know, pleaſe your honour. "My wife here ſaid as we muſt have a "licence, ſo I thought this would do as "well as another."

"What a ſtupid aſs you muſt be then, "not to know the difference between a "marriage licence and this. A pretty "piece of work you have made of it truly.

" And now the canonical hours are juſt " over, and 'tis impoſſible to get a proper " licence and be married to-day; and to-" morrow I go out early in the morning, " and I ſhan't be home for the remainder " of the week."

" Lawk, your honour, what does that " ſinnify. If you'll only pleaſe to tell me " where to go for ſuch a licence as you'll " like, I'll have one ready agin you come " back, and then 'twill all be right."

" But you will pleaſe to take notice that " this is no legal marriage; you are no " more man and wife now than when you " came into church. Take care there-" fore not to live together as ſuch, till you " have procured a proper licence, and are " legally married." He then directed Mr. Welton where to get a licence; and once more ſtrictly enjoining the gentleman and lady not to live together as man and wife, upon pain of eternal damnation, he departed.

" Damn

" Damn un for a proud parſon !" muttered the bridegroom, as the Doctor walked off. " But he don't think, I hope, " to fob me off thus'ns. What I ſuppoſe, " becauſe Madam's ſo good as to let un " come a viſiting to hern, that he's ſo " proud nothing but a new licence is good " enough for un, and be damned to un !"

He was ſoon joined in his denunciations by all the company, who declared it was monſus hard—that every thing was prepared for keeping the wedding, and the uncle of one was to come from ten miles off, and the couſin of another was to come ſeven miles, and the plumb-puddings were boiling in the pot, and then for that there Parſon Paul for to go and ſay that they was'n't married becauſe they had'n't got him a new licence. They wiſhed heartily they'd a gone to Watchfur church to be married.

" Come, come, Patty," ſaid the bridegroom, " never mind; we'll be even with " the parſon. For ſartin as he has ſaid

HARAJA SERFOGI'S S

" us over once, we are married like in the " ſight of God, and ſo who cares for what " he ſays? Come, come, let's us go home " and have our merry making, and to-" morrow I'll go to Watchfur parſon, for " he's a mort better tempered than that " there Parſon Paul; and if he thinks it " ben't right, he can ax us at church, and " then ſay us over again, for damn me if " yin old fellow ſhall have his will on us."

" And quite in the right too," ſaid I. " 'Tis very hard indeed that the parſon " ſhould make people be married over " and over again as often as he pleaſes, " and put them to the expence of the " Lord knows how many wedding din-" ners."

" Why that's my thought," replied Mr. Welton; " and I humbly thank your " honour for taking our part. I meant " to have axed un to dinner if he'd been " tolable civil, and I don't believe as ever " he'd a better plumb-pudding at his own " table, thof he be ſo mighty. But damn

" un

"un if he ſhall taſte it now. But your "honour ſeems ſo free and ſo good-na- "tured, that if you and Squire Baicham "would pleaſe to take a bit with us, why "your honours ſhould both be heartily "welcome, and we ſhould take it main "kind, ſhouldn't us, Patty?"

To this Patty aſſented with a very gracious ſmile and curtſey, and both Beauchamp and myſelf liked the humour of the thing ſo well, that we did not heſitate a moment to accept the invitation, and promiſed to be at Watchford by two o'clock, the dining hour.

Full of this ſcene we turned homewards laughing all the way, and anticipating the jokes we expected to fly about at the enſuing entertainment; nor did I attend to which way we were going, till we burſt on a ſudden upon Ryder in his miſanthropic retirement. I was mortified beyond expreſſion, conſcious that this appeared on my part like ſtudiouſly interrupting him; but Beauchamp, ignorant of what had paſſed

paſſed before, conſequently not aware how irritating this rencounter was to Ryder, facetiouſly related our adventure, dwelling much on the amuſement we expected from the ſcene to which we were going.

This was more than our miſanthrope could bear. With a countenance expreſſive of the moſt ſuperlative contempt, and his awful eyes fixed upon me, he exclaimed, " Good God what trifling and levity! " how much beneath men, almoſt beneath " ſchool-boys!"

Beauchamp looked exceſſively aſtoniſhed. " Why, how's this, Mr. Ryder," ſaid he, " you were not accuſtomed to be ſo un-" reaſonably ſevere upon a harmleſs joke?"

" For heaven's ſake, Mr. Beauchamp," he replied, " do not remind me of my " follies, I have ſuffered enough for them " already. A joke was my ruin, and if " you go on thus, your peace of mind " may be ſhattered on the ſame rock be-" fore you are aware of it."

" Pardon

" Pardon me, Mr. Ryder. It was not by " any means my intention to recal painful " recollections to your mind, nor when I " made my obſervation, did I think of the " circumſtances to which you allude. I " ſimply meant to remark that I never, till " very lately, perceived you backward in " joining in the good-humoured hilarity " that enlivens Campbell-Houſe."

" Nor ſhould I ever object to good-" humoured hilarity. I only regret that " this has lately degenerated into a puerile " levity which every perſon of ſenſe muſt " deſpiſe."

" I really am unconſcious of any thing " having paſſed that deſerves ſo ſevere a " cenſure."

" The promoters of ſuch things are " ſeldom the firſt to ſee their folly."

" This is ſmart I own, Mr. Ryder, but " rather going beyond the *retort courteous* ; " it approaches pretty nearly to the third " degree ; you know what that is called."

" The

"The *reply churlish.* Your reproof "may be juſt, but I acknowledge myſelf "irritated when I ſee a woman with Miſs "Campbell's ſuperior underſtanding de- "ſcend to the encouragement of ſuch buf- "fooneries. For my part I can ſee no "real wit, in drawing forth conceited fools "to expoſe themſelves for the entertain- "ment of herſelf and her company."

"You mean, I ſuppoſe, to allude to "Doctor Paul and Mr. Altham. But if "there was any thing cenſurable in amuſ- "ing ourſelves with their follies, no part "of the blame attaches to Miſs Campbell, "ſince ſhe rather diſcouraged, than encou- "raged the *hoax*, as Mrs. Harriſon would "call it."

"Was joining in the general laugh a diſ- "couragement of thoſe who excited it?"

"Nay, ſurely, there is nothing ſo very "cenſurable in laughing at follies ſhe had "not ſought to promote."

"Or if ſhe did ſeem diſpoſed to pro- "mote them, it was becauſe ſhe knew her

" company. But would her conduct have " appeared less commendable, had she " rather sought to correct, than to encou- " rage, such false taste."

" And allow me to ask," I here interposed, " what prospect of success would " attend any endeavour to improve Mrs. " Harrison's taste? and you will surely " not deny that she has uniformly been " the principal promoter of the follies you " censure."

" I am not clear that though she took " the lead in promoting them, others of " the company were less gratified than " herself. But perhaps your observation " may apply as well to them as to her."

" Take care, Sir, how you push this " matter too far, lest I be compelled to de- " mand in a more serious manner than you " will perhaps like, to whom you allude in " the *other's* mentioned so sarcastically."

" My answer would be *qui capit, ille fa- " cit.*"

" For

"For God's ſake, Mr. Ryder," ſaid Beauchamp, "have a care what you ſay, "and do not ſuffer a momentary irritation, "which I, who know you well, feel to be "foreign to your nature, to involve you in "a quarrel with one who wiſhes to be "your friend."

"The gentleman is extremely kind in "his wiſhes; but when I behold ſuch "an alteration between Miſs Campbell's "late and preſent mode of behaviour, I "cannot feel particularly attracted towards "thoſe to whom I think a change ſo diſ-"advantageous is to be principally aſ-"cribed."

"Excuſe me, Sir," ſaid Beauchamp, "but I really think the alteration is in "yourſelf, not in Miſs Campbell."

"Or if ſhe be altered," ſaid I, "'tis "evidently not for the worſe, ſince upon "the moſt minute inveſtigation, I have "not been able to find a fault either in "her principles or conduct."

"We

"We are not apt to condemn thoſe "features in the characters of others, "which we are conſcious are leading ones "in our own."

"For heaven's ſake," ſaid Beauchamp, "let us ſeparate before this ſilly altercation "gets to a height that may produce the "moſt fatal conſequences. Something "has irritated you, Mr. Ryder, I do not "pretend to enquire what, but appeal to "your own ſuperior underſtanding, to de-"cide whether you are not acting very "unreaſonably in thus giving vent to your "chagrin? I ſpeak freely, becauſe from "the bottom of my ſoul I wiſh to avert "the miſchief I ſee impending. Come, "Mr. Stanhope, let us proceed. A mo-"ment's reflection, I am ſatisfied, will "convince Mr. Ryder that he is in the "wrong."

Here Beauchamp took hold of my arm to draw me away, but I hung back, for I felt my blood boiling, and was about to reply. He however forced me on: "I

"insist on your coming with me," he said, "you shall both have time to cool before "another word be spoken."

Ryder started, he seemed no sooner to have given vent to his gall, than to be vexed at not having had more command of himself. "Yes, yes," said he, "I "am wrong, I feel it and I acknowledge "it, and ask Mr. Stanhope's pardon; the "fiend within me is suppressed, I am sorry "that I suffered him for a moment "to obtain the mastery. Let us part "friends," and he held out a hand to each, which we accepted, and all was reconciled.

Nor did we suffer Ryder's spleen to prevent our going to our dinner, where we were highly amused. We excused ourselves from staying late, and came home through the wood. There we did not find Ryder himself, but we did find another of his compositions, for his I suspect them both to be. This however we only studied till we had made ourselves perfect

in

in it, and then left it where it was. 'Tis a ſort of reverſe to the picture drawn in the former, as you ſhall ſee.

RECIPROCAL LOVE.

Ah could this panting heart, ſweet maid,
  Which oft breathes ſecret vows to thee,
But hope its feelings were repaid
  By thine, tho' not in like degree:

That by ſome kindred warmth inſpir'd,
  Thy gentle wiſhes mine would meet,
And when a kiſs theſe lips requir'd,
  Thine would not coldly ſhun the treat.

Ah then how fiercely would the flame,
  Now ſmothering in my boſom blaze,
In bliſs e'en fancy ſcarce could frame,
  I then might hope to ſpend my days.

For ſuch is ſtill great nature's courſe,
  That love repaid, encreaſes love,
And what was once of trifling force,
  It makes, a flame reſiſtleſs, prove.

If however both be the production of his muſe, not much of the real ſtate of his mind is to be inferred from two ſuch oppoſite pictures, ſo I have been impertinent

without

without the end being anſwered. If you ſhould remark that I am rightly ſerved, I will not diſpute the point.

I wiſh much to hear from you again. Remember, I do not admit as an excuſe for ſilence that you have nothing to ſay. Tell me only that you are well, it will be much more ſatisfactory to me to have this aſcertained under your own hand-writing, than to be left to conclude it.

I ſhould add, that Ryder was perfectly compoſed when we returned home in the evening, and rather ſtudiouſly addreſſed his converſation to me. Still I am tormented with the idea of what paſſed in the morning, and dread nothing ſo much now as giving him offence. Adieu Harry, and believe me with the moſt ſincere regard

Your affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XII.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* HENRY EGERTON.

Campbell-Houſe, October 6.

I CANNOT imagine what could be the matter with Ryder the other morning. Something muſt have ruffled his temper, of which I can form no idea, for he has never ſince ſhewn the leaſt ſymptom of a ſimilar diſpoſition, but on the contrary behaved to me with as much politeneſs and apparent cordiality as to the reſt of the company. Yeſterday evening only, did I think for a moment that the ſame fiend was at work within him, and perhaps even then I was deceived. The fact was indeed, that the galled horſe winced, for I was playing the fool with Percival Altham, unobſerved by him, as I hoped, though I

found that this was a miſtake, and when detected I felt myſelf to be in the wrong.

Doctor Paul, as would appear from my laſt letter, has been abſent for ſome days. He returned two days ago; and yeſterday morning as I was wandering among the flowery meads of Maxtead, Ryder having fairly driven me from its ſhady groves, I met Percival with a book in his hand, on which he affected to be ſo extremely intent, that he did not ſee me. I was reſolved to mortify his ridiculous affectation by not taking notice of him, ſo walked on, well aſſured that ere I had gone many paces I ſhould be called back. I was not miſtaken. He ſoon ſtarted as from a reverie, "Oh is it you Mr. Stanhope?" he ſaid, "I beg ten thouſand pardons, but I "really was ſo intent upon my ſtudies that I "was not at firſt ſenſible of my happineſs."

"Your attention was probably engaged "upon a much more worthy ſubject than "myſelf."

"Impoſſible.

"Impoſſible. Yet I own it was not ill
"employed—I was reading a moſt ad-
"mirable romance."

"One of your own writing?"

"Oh, my dear Sir, you cannot ſuppoſe
"that I would have mentioned it in ſuch
"a way had it been my own. But *à pro-
"pos*, I have by me a romance of my own
"writing, which I ſhould think honoured
"by your peruſal and criticiſms."

"You could not have applied to a
"worſe perſon, Mr. Altham; I am no
"critic."

"Oh pardon me, Sir; this is only your
"own humility. I have heard remarks
"from you which convince me that you
"are a moſt able and judicious one."

"I certainly will read the work if you
"wiſh it, though I am ſatisfied it will be
"rather to commend than criticiſe."

"Dear Sir, you do me too much ho-
"nour. But I do flatter myſelf there are
"things in it of which I have no reaſon to
"be aſhamed. With your permiſſion,

" then, I will put it in my pocket this
" evening, as my uncle and I are to be at
" Campbell-Houſe."

In the evening it was accordingly produced, and laid upon the table; not, I believe, without a ſecret hope on the part of the author that he ſhould be requeſted to read it for the entertainment of the company. And in good truth, Harry, had Ryder not been preſent I had very probably propoſed it.

Percival himſelf happening to ſit by the table, ever and anon drew the darling babe towards him, turned over the leaves for ſome minutes, yet could not attract the notice of the company, for which, doubtleſs, he thought them very dull and inſenſible.

I, ſitting on the oppoſite ſide of the table, once or twice followed the author's example in turning over the manuſcript for a few minutes; and at length, perceiving Ryder earneſtly engaged in an argument with Beauchamp, with his back rather

turned towards me, I ventured to ſay ſlyly to Altham—"This is a romance, I think "you ſaid, Sir, not a novel?"

"A romance at your ſervice, Mr. Stan-"hope. Do allow me to read you a "paſſage or two—you are muſical, I "think?"

"I am extremely fond of muſic, though "a very humble performer."

"But you undoubtedly underſtand "enough of it to feel the force of this "paſſage; I muſt read it."

"Excuſe me, I fear we ſhall diſturb the "company."

"Oh no; you ſee they are all engaged in "different parties, and we are left as it "were tête-à-tête. Permit me there-"fore"—and turning to the paſſage, he read—"There are moments in which that "ſomething which cuſtom has termed "ſympathy, but which truth muſt denomi-"nate nature, will unfold the genuine af-"fections of the heart, in ſpite of all our "endeavours to conceal them; and if

 "there

" there be a power which is calculated be-
" yond all others to draw forth that grace-
" ful weakneſs, that undeſcribable charm
" which ſhews the human mind in all its ſoft-
" eſt attractions, it is certainly Music. The
" human voice acquires ſomething celeſ-
" tial when tutored to the ſtrains of har-
" mony. All the groſſer parts of our na-
" tures ſeem to refine by the vibration of
" ſweet ſounds; and the being bleſſed with
" that ſoul ſeducing power, while it is
" exerciſed reſembles an immortal."

" Very fine indeed," ſaid I. " Indeed
" I do not wonder, Mr. Altham, that
" you pride yourſelf ſomewhat upon a
" paſſage ſo far above the comprehenſion
" of vulgar minds. The man of com-
" mon capacity certainly could not imme-
" diately ſee your drift in it; nay might
" even be led to doubt whether the author,
" in writing it, had one clear idea in his
" head—but genius, ſoaring genius, Mr.
" Altham—oh how little are its effuſions
" underſtood by the maſs!"

" You

"You really do think it fine, then?—
"Well, I am vaftly happy to have it fanc-
"tioned by fo good a judge, for I affure
"you that I have taken more pains with
"that period than with any other in the
"whole work."

"And yet there are others, I think, Mr.
"Altham, which bear no lefs the ftamp of
"afpiring genius difdaining vulgar tram-
"mels. As for inftance the making your
"hero a Creole, the offspring of an Em-
"peror of Morocco, and a Circaffian flave
"whom he purchafed at Jamaica, is cer-
"tainly no common idea;—and your he-
"roine finging airs of Metaftafio, though
"the chronology of your work is three
"hundred years antecedent to the time
"when that great poet lived, is an ana-
"chronifm on which none but a very fu-
"perior mind would have ventured. I
"admire too, no lefs, her finging them as
"fhe lay reclined on a bank crowned with
"*verdure of a thoufand dies.* One thing
"only perplexes me, and that is how Sir

 "Hubert

"Hubert could diftinguifh the track of "chariot-wheels in the midft of a thick "foreft, and in a violent ftorm of rain and "hail, in the middle of one of the darkeft "nights ever known."

I had now mounted my hobby, and was driving on at a moft inconfiderate rate, Percival gaping and ftaring, as if not underftanding me much better than I underftood his rhapfodical jargon upon mufic, when fuddenly turning my eves a little to the left, I beheld Ryder's awful brow contracted into a frown, and for worlds I could not have uttered another fyllable. On the contrary, by an almoft involuntary impulfe, I rofe from my feat, and removed to one that was vacant between him and Mrs. Harrifon. Why do I feel fuch awe of this man?—Is it pufillanimity, or merely the irrefiftible feeling of fuperior powers? I am willing to excufe myfelf, by afcribing it to the latter caufe. Be this as it may, my forbearance feemed to make a ftrong impreffion upon my cenfor, for his countenance

was

was inſtantly overſpread with a glow of ſatisfaction that ſuch a countenance alone could have expreſſed.

Never have I ſeen him appear to greater advantage than he did for the remainder of the evening—never did I liſten to converſation more entertaining or more brilliant. He related a variety of amuſing anecdotes of his ſtay at Gibraltar, as well as of his academical career at Cambridge. But, as if for a judgment upon him, it now became his turn to amuſe the company at Doctor Paul's expence, for among other Cambridge anecdotes, he ſtumbled upon the following ſtory:

"Some years prior to his admiſſion, a Mr. Inglefield, one of the Fellows of his college, was appointed by Mr. Watſon, rector of the pariſh of C——, near Cambridge to his curacy. This was a particularly acceptable addition of income to Mr. Inglefield, as he had a mother and ſiſter in very ſtrait circumſtances, whom he wiſhed to aſſiſt, but to whom little could be ſpared

out of the mere profits of his fellowſhip. His happineſs however in this promotion was not of long duration ; an unfortunate propenſity to electioneering in the Biſhop of the dioceſe became the occaſion of its ſpeedy overthrow."

I ſaw Doctor Paul look ſomewhat confuſed, and as if he did not greatly reliſh the commencement of this ſtory. This I attributed to his jealous regard for the honour of the cloth, which led him to be alarmed leſt any anecdotes ſhould appear not entirely to the worthy metropolitan's credit. But Ryder, without attending to him, proceeded with his ſtory.

"Not long before Mr. Inglefield's appointment to the curacy, a general election had taken place. In this a clergyman in another county, in which our Biſhop had ſome property, had been of great ſervice in aſſiſting to bring in the candidate eſpouſed by his Lordſhip, in return for which the ſpiritual Peer promiſed to do ſomething for a ſon of this clergyman's, then reſident at Cambridge,

Cambridge, and recently ordained to the service of the church."

Doctor Paul drew out his pocket-handkerchief, blew his nose, twisted round on his chair, threw his arm over the back, and fixed his eyes on the window. Still Ryder paid no regard to him, but continued his history.

"How to fulfil the engagement into which he had entered, became the Bishop's next object, and after revolving various schemes in his mind, he at length discovered that the appointment of Mr. Inglefield to the curacy of C—— was irregular, since the rector himself not residing in the parish, it was necessary that the curate should be licensed by the Bishop, otherwise there was no chance of salvation to the souls of the inhabitants,—and this ecclesiastical sanction had never been even asked for Mr. Inglefield. The Bishop accordingly ejected him from his office, and appointed the son of the clergyman to supply his place, licensing him in all due and proper form.

"Poor Mr. Inglefield wrote immediately to the rector of the pariſh, ſtating the circumſtances of this tranſaction, and complaining in ſtrong terms of the hardſhips of his caſe, deeply regretting the loſs of an income which had enabled him to place his mother and ſiſter in a comfortable ſituation; and he ſaid he felt this the more deeply, from his conſciouſneſs that a principal cauſe of the ſtraitneſs of their circumſtances was, that money had been ſpent in educating him for the church, which ought to have been ſaved for their ſupport."

Doctor Paul hemmed two or three times, blew his noſe again, and turned to the other ſide of the chair. Ryder ſtill proceeded:

"But the rector was not of a diſpoſition to ſubmit tamely to an act ſo arbitrary. His blood could boil as fiercely as that of any Biſhop upon the bench, and he was reſolved to find ſome means of foiling his Lordſhip. To attack him directly was however impoſſible, ſince arbitrary as this

act

act appeared, it was no more than was authorifed by law. The rector therefore determined to ftrike the blow through the newly-licenfed curate, to whom he immediately wrote as follows:

SIR,

I am apt to believe there has been fome damned trick between you and the Bifhop of ——, relative to my curacy of C——. I am a ftranger to your character but for what your licence fets forth, which I will never fubmit to. The Bifhop I well know; his father was a broken merchant at L——, a led Captain, a tool to the late great minifter of ftate, Sir Robert Walpole, who well knew the price of every man. I am defcended from a family valuable for achievements for the county, and honefty of mankind, and will never fubmit to a mitred tool of a Bifhop, a ftate toad-eater. I fhall ferve my living of C—— myfelf next Lady-day, therefore quit.

Your humble fervant,

THOMAS WATSON.

P. S. You may exhibit this letter to the Biſhop if you pleaſe, who I value as little as the dirt under my feet.

"Upon my word," ſaid Sir Francis, "I "think his Lordſhip met with his match "—the two divines were well pitted."

"Why lord, uncle," exclaimed Percival, "that's the very letter I have heard "my mother talk ſo much about, which "was ſent to you when you were at col-"lege."

"'Tis very true, nephew," replied the Doctor, "and I am ſorry to find that the "ſtory has been ſo groſsly miſrepreſented "—I do not mean by Mr. Ryder, but by "thoſe from whom he heard it. I wiſh "it were in my power fully to explain the "affair, it would then appear in a very "different light. But ſince in doing this "I muſt relate circumſtances little to the "credit either of Mr. Watſon, or Mr. "Inglefield, I have always choſen to "practiſe that forbearance my religion

"teaches,

" teaches, and rather incur odium myſelf
" than caſt it upon my fellow-creatures."

" A truly Chriſtian ſpirit indeed," ſaid Sir Francis. " You conceal the truth, " and content yourſelf with throwing out " inuendoes which every perſon interprets " according to the way that beſt ſuits his " malice: thus the characters of both " parties are much more effectually ſtabbed " than they could be by direct charges."

" Excuſe me, Sir Francis. To you " my ſilence may appear in this light; " but he who acts purely from conſcien- " tious motives is regardleſs of the falſe " interpretations that may eventually be " put upon his conduct, ſatisfied with the " moſt grateful of all rewards, the ap- " probation of a higher than human " power. Whatever the world therefore " may think of the matter, I ſhall keep " the injuries I have received from the " two gentlemen in queſtion buried within " my own boſom, and only pray that thoſe

" injuries

"injuries may never riſe up in judgment "againſt them."

"I am extremely apprehenſive," replied Sir Francis, "that you will not obtain "much credit with the world for being "actuated by ſuch pure motives. They "will rather ſuppoſe your ſilence ariſes "from a conſciouſneſs that the affair will "not bear explanation."

"'Tis poſſible; yet I will never be "influenced by ſuch conſiderations to ſup- "port my own character at the expence of "thoſe of my neighbours."

"Yet, ſurely, in becoming "*all things* "*to all men*," this may occaſionally be "neceſſary. Suppoſing you were in com- "pany with perſons whoſe conſtant habit "it was to eſtabliſh their own characters "on the ruins of thoſe of others, would "you not relax?—would you not then "tell how noble had been your own con- "duct, how unprincipled that of Mr. In- "glefield?"

"No,

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"No, I would ſtill remain ſilent—for, "as I have obſerved in the ſermon I was "ſo unfortunately prevented having the "honour of reading to the company, the "conformity to our neighbours which I "would recommend, conſiſts much more "in maintaining ſilence as to our opinions "than in pretending to adopt theirs."

"Aye, ſilence is an admirable thing, it "leaves ſo fine a latitude for conjecture, "helps a man out ſo incomparably when "he has nothing to the purpoſe to offer. "*Silence* is, next to an *if*, the moſt able of "all peace-makers."

And indeed the Doctor found that he had better take refuge in ſilence, ſince the farther he puſhed the matter the more he was tormented by his antagoniſt. He therefore made no anſwer to the Baronet's laſt poſition than by a low bow, and of courſe the conteſt ceaſed.

When he was gone, we all at once charged Ryder with knowing the Doctor to be a party concerned in this curious tranſaction;

tranſaction; and relating it on purpoſe to mortify him; an idea in which, to own the truth, I exulted not a little, ſince I ſhould then have conſidered myſelf as at full liberty to *hoax* the Doctor whenever I was ſo diſpoſed. But he ſolemnly aſſured us that he had not the leaſt idea of its touching any of the company preſent, but merely related the circumſtance as one to which the converſation naturally led.

Harry, I muſt repeat that I am very impatient to hear from you, and ſhall be ſeriouſly uneaſy if you delay writing much longer. Surely then you will not refuſe to devote half an hour to

Yours moſt faithfully,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XIII.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* HENRY EGERTON.

Campbell House, October 12.

No letter from you yet, Harry? Ah! whence this ſilence?—'tis moſt diſtreſſing to me. I fear you are not well, or that your mind is too much depreſſed by your preſent occupation to permit your writing. But oh, my friend, if this be the caſe, let me entreat you to employ your ſteward in the capacity of ſecretary to tell me ſo, and I will join you inſtantly. I blame myſelf for letting you depart without me. I feel that, however you might deſire to be alone, it was a thing to which I ought not to have yielded.

Harry, I have ſtrange things to tell you. That Mrs. Harriſon had a taſte for diſcoveries, was evident by the ſatisfaction ſhe ſeemed to derive from that relative to

Chamberry

Chamberry gauze—but a few days ago ſhe made one, or what, at leaſt, ſhe ſuppoſed to be one, that gave her infinitely greater pleaſure, ſince it was no leſs than of an unfortunate lapſe made by two of her fellow creatures, one of whom moreover belongs to the claſs of *clever folks*, the objects of her mortal antipathy.

On the very morning after my laſt letter was written, when we were all aſſembled at breakfaſt excepting Mrs. Harriſon and Ryder, the butler delivered an apology from the latter, importing, that in conſequence of a letter he had received very early in the morning, he was obliged to ſet off immediately for Pontefract, nor could he even wait to ſee Miſs Campbell, and make his excuſes in perſon. This meſſage was ſcarcely repeated, when Mrs. Harriſon burſt into the room, in a prodigious buſtle, and evidently teeming with matters of amazing import. So weighty indeed were they, that ſhe could not even begin her breakfaſt, though eating is one of the moſt important

portant of all concerns with her, till ſhe had been delivered of them.

"Well," ſhe ſaid, "ſo there's been a "fine kick up, Nanny's been a telling me, "with that Lucy Morgan and Ryder. "Well, I always ſaid, my dear, that ſome "day or other you'd get yourſelf into a "conſounded ſcrape about that woman, "but you was always ſo conceited, and "would defy the world, and would have a "will of your own; but I told you you'd "repent, but you never would be for "taking of my advice, but you would al- "ways be a thinking you was ſo much "wiſer than other people, but I hope "you'll have enough of your ſchool-miſ- "treſſes now. Well, I always ſaid, there "muſt be ſome reaſon why ſhe would not "go to live with that Owen again, but you "always would be a deſpiſing of my opi- "nion, but I hope you'll be convinced "now."

"I beg your pardon, Madam," ſaid Olivia, "I really do not underſtand you.

"Has

" Has any thing particular happened to
" Lucy ?"

" Lord, my dear, why don't you know
" that it has juſt come out that ſhe has
" had a child by that Ryder, and he's gone
" away all in a ſtew and hurry, becauſe
" he won't perform his promiſe, and marry
" her."

" Indeed, Madam, this muſt be a miſ-
" take. Scarcely a day paſſes that I do
" not ſee Lucy, and ſhe could not poſſibly
" have had a child lately without my know-
" ledge."

" Lord, my dear, why it is'nt lately.
" Why the child's two years old, and has
" been at nurſe at the next cottage for a
" long time, and a hundred pretences have
" been made about it, but now its all out,
" and Ryder took it away this morning,
" and Lucy's been a crying fit to break
" her heart becauſe he wont marry her."

" Excuſe me, Madam, but I can poſi-
" tively aſſert this to be a miſtake, and I
" hope therefore you will not liſten any

" more

"more to ſuch goſſipping ſtories from "your maid."

"Lord, I ſhall let my maid talk to me "if I pleaſe, without aſking of your leave. "Beſides I know that this is every word "true, for Ryder has paid for the child's "nurſing ever ſince it has been there, and "Lucy has always been a fondling of "it over, and making ſuch a pet of it, "that every body ſaid it muſt be her "own."

"That Mr. Ryder has paid for the "child's nurſing is very true, but that is "no proof of its being his own; and with "regard to Lucy, 'tis really very hard "ſhe could not take notice of a child "living at the very next door to her with-"out bringing ſuch an imputation on her "own character. I cannot ſay any thing "as to the truth of Mr. Ryder's having "taken the child away, but I ſhould think "it not very improbable. I ſhall, how-"ever, enquire about it immediately after "breakfaſt."

"Aye, well you may ſay what you "pleaſe, and to be ſure you'll never own "Lucy in the wrong, but I believe its all "true, whether you'll own it or not."

Olivia again remonſtrated earneſtly with her upon the ſubject, and endeavoured to make her ſenſible of the extreme injuſtice of aſperſing a young woman's character upon ſuch very inſufficient grounds. But who can reaſon with ſo unreaſoning a being as Mrs. Harriſon?—ſhe only flew into a paſſion, and uſed very abuſive language to Olivia, to all which the latter made not a ſyllable of reply, ſhe confined herſelf to the ſingle point of perſiſting to vindicate Lucy. But this was crime enough in Mrs. Harriſon's eyes; ſhe declared ſhe never in her life was ſo rudely treated, and ſhe would not ſtay another minute in the houſe, unleſs Olivia would make an apology for her behaviour. To this Olivia replied, that though ſhe ſhould be extremely ſorry to ſee her leave the houſe in ſuch an abrupt way, and in ſo much anger, yet ſhe could

could by no means retract what ſhe had ſaid; ſhe was perfectly aſſured of Lucy's innocence of this charge, and ſhe muſt therefore perſiſt in aſſerting it. This was too much to bear, and ringing the bell violently, while ſhe almoſt foamed at the mouth, Mrs. Harriſon ordered the chariot to be got ready directly, and her maid Nanny to be ſent up ſtairs to pack up her clothes. Then burſting out of the room, with as great eagerneſs as ſhe had entered it, ſhe deſired breakfaſt to be ſent up to her, and in about an hour after, ſhe and her maid drove off, without taking leave of any one.

Had ſhe left the houſe in a different kind of way, I do not think Olivia would have felt much regret at her departure; but ſhe was very much hurt at ſeeing her quit it in ſuch a terrible and unjuſtifiable fit of paſſion. As ſoon as ſhe was gone we all took a walk to the cottages, and there found that ſo much of Mrs. Harriſon's ſtory was true as that Ryder had taken his little ward away. He had called

for

for her about ſeven o'clock that morning, without having given any previous intimation of his intentions, or aſſigned any reaſon for departing ſo haſtily.

Nor did we hear more of him till the evening of the third day after this affair, when he made a ſhort ſtay of about two hours here, and is now, perhaps, gone for ever. Upon his arrival, he firſt requeſted a private audience of Olivia, which being granted, he began by expreſſing a deep ſenſe of his obligations to her, and aſſuring her that nothing could ever abate his perfect reſpect and eſteem for her character, and then proceeded to ſay:

"I muſt entreat, Madam, that however "ambiguous my preſent conduct appears, "it may be conſidered with candour, and "not ſuppoſed the reſult of caprice, but "of a ſerious and ſolemn conviction that "I am acting right—though perhaps 'tis "needleſs to aſk this of Miſs Campbell, "whoſe ſoul is the ſeat of candour and "liberality itſelf. I own it, Madam, I

"did

" did for ſome time look forward with in-
" finite pleaſure to being ſettled in your
" neighbourhood in an uſeful and inde-
" pendant occupation, but circumſtances
" have ariſen, I mention the ſubject with
" regret, and with the deeper regret, be-
" becauſe 'tis impoſſible they ſhould be ex-
" plained even to you, which render the
" execution of this plan impracticable.
" Nay, how ſhall I ſay it? perhaps, Ma-
" dam, I may never ſee you more. In
" what way of life I ſhall finally ſettle, is at
" preſent wholly undetermined; I only
" hope, that preſent or abſent I ſhall ſtill
" retain your eſteem. I am unhappy now,
" but the loſs of that alone could render
" me completely miſerable."

He uttered all this with difficulty, and when he had finiſhed remained ſilent for a few moments, as if pauſing for a reply; but Olivia, loſt in aſtoniſhment, and deeply affected at a circumſtance ſo unaccountable and unexpected, was unable to utter a ſyllable. Riſing there-

 fore,

fore, and with his hand upon his forehead, evidently in great emotion: "You know, "Madam," ſaid he, "that I am about to "quit England for a ſhort time, may I "hope that I carry your eſteem with me?"

"Oh that will follow you to the remoteſt "corner of the globe," exclaimed Olivia, too much agitated to ſay more. Ryder ſeemed deſirous of ſaying farewell, but unable to pronounce a word ſo painful, left the room with tears in his eyes.

He went and threw himſelf down on a bench in the garden, where he remained towards half an hour, and then ſeeking Beauchamp, they had a ſhort conference, after which he deſired a private interview with me. On my appearing he ſaid, "Mr. "Stanhope, I have requeſted this meeting, "becauſe I cannot bear to leave the king- "dom, which I ſhall do in a few days, "without making a proper apology for "the very improper treatment you have "more than once, I fear, experienced from "me."

"Let

"Let what has paſſed be buried in ob-
"livion I entreat," ſaid I. "If your con-
"duct was not wholly juſtifiable, I feel
"that it was not entirely without provo-
"cation, ſince I certainly have indulged
"too freely in a propenſity I acknowledge
"to be very contemptible, that of amuſing
"myſelf with the follies of others, and
"while I fancied I was expoſing them,
"I was in fact expoſing myſelf."

"I ſhall not deny that I think this has
"been the caſe, and believe me I ſpeak
"ſolely in friendſhip, when I adviſe you
"to ſhake off ſo pernicious a habit; there
"cannot be a more dangerous one to indulge
"in, or one more likely to create you nu-
"merous and implacable enemies. This ſpe-
"cies of ridicule is more readily diſcerned
"by the objects of it than perſons are in
"general aware, and once ſeen through, it
"never can be forgiven. Abuſe may be
"pardoned, but ridicule is of a nature abſo-
"lutely unpardonable."

"I acknowledge the juſtice of your ad-
"monition, and believe me I ſhall always
"bear it in mind, I hope to my future
"profit."

"Yet, Mr. Stanhope, I am no leſs ſen-
"ſible that though you might be wrong,
"I had no authority to aſſume to myſelf
"the office of cenſor of the company, and
"conſider them as reſponſible to me for
"all that paſſed. In particular I muſt
"acknowledge the impropriety of the
"manner in which my irritated feelings
"were once expreſſed. But believe me, my
"heart was wounded beyond what human
"nature could ſupport; would to God
"that it were in my power to expoſe it
"undiſguiſed before you! but, circum-
"ſtanced as I am, that were only to render
"myſelf ten times more culpable."

"You have ſaid enough, nor have I any
"claim to expect ſuch confidence. Of this,
"however, I am aſſured, that the man who
"can ſo candidly acknowledge a fault,

"could

HARAJA SERFOGI'S S

"could only be betrayed into its com-
"miſſion by feelings too powerful to
"be reſiſted."

"You do me no more than juſtice. I
"am placed in no common ſituation, and my
"life is now a conſtant ſtruggle between
"inclination and principle. But enough
"of this; my preſent object is to reſtore
"myſelf to your good opinion, ſince the
"forbearance you have oppoſed to my
"haſty ſallies, has fixed you irrevocably
"in mine."

"Pray ſay no more, Mr. Ryder, you
"ſhame me. Compliments ſo undeſerv-
"ed, only make me feel leſs in my own
"eyes."

"Were they undeſerved I were the laſt
"perſon in the world to beſtow them.
"Believe me I have uttered the genuine
"ſentiments of my heart, and I hope we
"part in friendſhip."

"As your friend I always wiſhed to be
"conſidered, even before we were per-
"ſonally acquainted; but never did I con-

" ſider your friendſhip ſo valuable as I do " at this moment."

" You had then conceived a favourable " opinion of me prior to our meeting?"

" Who could paſs many days at Camp- " bell-Houſe without conceiving a ſtrong " prepoſſeſſion in Mr. Ryder's favour? " Who could hear his ſtory, and not be " intereſted in his fate?"

He ſtarted, he pauſed a moment, his ſoul ſeemed deeply agitated; at length he ſaid, " You have then heard my ſtory, and " are acquainted with the circumſtances " which firſt introduced me to the know- " ledge of Miſs Campbell?"

" I am, and moſt ſincerely wiſh that all " perſons who like her poſſeſs ample for- " tunes, would employ them in promoting " the happineſs of others."

" I am not ſure that hers has been " employed in promoting my happineſs. " Yet let me not be underſtood as mean- " ing to detract from the generoſity and " benevolence of her conduct; I acknow-

" ledge

" ledge them with gratitude, I admire her " character from my ſoul; but I had per- " haps been happier had ſhe never heard " of ſuch a being as myſelf."

" Oh were ſuch an idea ſuggeſted to " her, how would it wound her benevolent " heart!"

" You have a high opinion of the ex- " cellence of her heart?"

" Good God! who can know and not " admire it?"

" I perfectly agree with you. What " pity therefore that her perſon ſhould be " ſo little attractive."

" Why muſt that ſubject be ſo con- " ſtantly dwelt upon? She is plain, I ac- " knowledge, but do we think a pearl the " leſs valuable for being encaſed in an " oyſter-ſhell?"

" Do we value the pearl at all till taken " out of the ſhell? And, to ſpeak without " metaphor, I fear there are few perſons " with ſenſe enough to think that Miſs " Campbell's heart would not be much

"more valuable if aſſociated with a lovely "face."

"Such perſons are ſurely very unrea-"ſonable."

"Are not the majority of mankind un-"reaſonable?"

"Some ſurely might be found who "think otherwiſe."

"We are ſaid commonly to judge of "others by ourſelves; may I ſuppoſe that "the caſe now?"

"Aſſuredly!—Mr. Ryder, not long "after I came hither, from a ſudden im-"pulſe of admiration at hearing ſome par-"ticular inſtance of her benevolence, I "exclaimed that I did not think the "brighteſt eyes, or the loveliеſt form, "could add one ray of luſtre to ſuch a "ſoul as hers; and with my hand here "ſolemnly laid upon my heart I can de-"clare, that every hour I have ſince "paſſed under her roof, has more and "more ſtrongly confirmed me in this "opinion."

"Yet you never wiſhed to poſſeſs ſo "ineſtimable a treaſure? 'Tis to be re-"gretted; few perſons are equally ſenſible "of its value."

"You do not think me unworthy to "poſſeſs it?"

"Thoſe beſt deſerve a treaſure who are "moſt ſenſible of its value."

"And you would not think it preſump-"tion in me to have aſpired to its poſ-"ſeſſion?"

"Who could think ſo? Not a being "alive but muſt acknowledge this no diſ-"proportionate match."

"Miſs Campbell however might think "differently of the matter."

"She *might* undoubtedly, but I cannot "ſuppoſe ſhe *would*."

"She may not think the match diſpre-"portionate, but ſhe certainly has ſome "objection to it."

"How? You aſtoniſh me!"

"A man is not in general very ready to "acknowledge that his offers have been

" rejected, but since we have gone thus " far, I will confess that 'tis even so."

" My God! This is most unaccount- " able!"

" Not at all so. I had given her suf- " ficient reason to despise me, and she will " not marry a man whom she cannot " respect."

" Good God! Good God!" He was silent for some minutes, his countenance was full of emotion, some mighty conflict seemed to agitate his soul. At length he said, " There is yet one thing more I must " mention, Mr. Stanhope. You have " heard me accused as the seducer of a " young woman, whose situation here is of " a nature so peculiar, as inconceivably to " enhance the criminality of any attempt " to delude her into a renewal of her past " errors. Of an attempt so atrocious, " believe me I am guiltless. The child " in question is neither mine nor Lucy " Morgan's. Austerity in its grandfather " precludes its parents from owning it at

" present,

"present, and in friendship to them I "have undertaken to be its guardian. "With Miss Campbell's approbation I "placed it to nurse in her neighbourhood, "and such has been her kind attention to "its infancy, that the poor babe has scarcely "known the want of a mother. From a "situation so advantageous I have, to my "regret, been obliged to remove my little "charge very hastily, nor know I whether "she ever will return to it. And now, "Mr. Stanhope, farewell! I am, as I said "before, about to quit this kingdom, for "how long a time I cannot say. Oh "could I hope to find peace of mind in "another country, never more would I "revisit this!" A tear trembled in his eye, his voice began to faulter, he pressed my hand and departed.

And now, Harry, tell me what I am to think of all this? Can it be that he himself loves Olivia, and is assured that she loves me? What else could he mean by the astonishment he expressed at hearing

that ſhe had refuſed me? Yet if ſhe really loves me, and I have ſometimes flattered myſelf, notwithſtanding what has paſſed, that this is the caſe, how is her conduct to be accounted for? Oh would to heaven I could be ſatisfied that her heart were mine, and mine alone! Then by the immortal powers above I ſwear, that without referring to the paſt, I would inſtantly defy all ſenſeleſs ſneers and ſcarcaſms, and urge my ſuit again with an ardour to which ſhe could not chooſe but yield. Yes, I would not ceaſe the purſuit till I had carried my point, convinced that in her ſociety I ſhould find all that can render life valuable, and that the man who poſſeſſed ſuch bleſſings would be wholly undeſerving of his happineſs, could he conſider for one moment what were the features of a woman with ſuch a heart.

Adieu my deareſt, my ever-valued friend, and believe me with the utmoſt ſincerity,

Your affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XIV.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Campbell-Houſe, October 12.

ORLANDO, I am intoxicated! Oh ſhe is beautiful! She muſt be beautiful! or at leaſt Beauchamp is perfectly right in ſaying, as he has done repeatedly, that 'tis impoſſible to be long acquainted with her, without loſing all idea of the plainneſs of her features in admiration of her benevolence and accompliſhments.

That I had not attained to the complete knowledge of the former I was very ſenſible, for extenſively as that is diffuſed, and tranſcendent as are her virtues, to gain a perfect knowledge of them is no eaſy matter. But accompliſhments are confined within limits ſo much more circumſcribed, that I did not imagine after paſ-

ſing

fing many weeks in the houfe with her, any one with which fhe was enriched could remain unknown to me. Yet I have only now difcovered a talent which few perfons poffeffing it in the eminence fhe does, would not have thruft upon my notice long ago.

I have for fome time perceived that fhe poffeffed a confiderable degree of fkill in mufic, both from the tafte with which I have heard her accompany finging on the Piano-forte, and from the manner in which I have heard her converfe upon the fubject, which plainly fhewed great knowledge of it as a fcience. But it ftill remained for me to learn that fhe was the fineft performer I ever heard upon my favourite inftrument, the harp.

This morning as Beauchamp and myfelf were fitting at our ftudies under the fhade of a noble oak not far from the library windows, my attention was fuddenly arrefted by ftrains fo enchanting, that I could fcarcely believe they came from mortal hands. I inftantly ftarted, and dropped

my

my book, exclaiming in tranſport, " Hea-
" vens! whence come thoſe ſounds? 'tis
" nothing leſs ſurely than the muſic of the
" ſpheres themſelves!"

" As that is a ſpecies of muſic with
" which I am totally unacquainted," ſaid
Beauchamp, " I will not pretend to ſay
" how far this may rival it, but ſhe cer-
" tainly is a very fine performer."

" *She?* Good God! whom do you
" mean?"

" Miſs Campbell."

" Heavens and earth! Is ſhe then ſo
" divine a performer on that moſt enchant-
" ing of all inſtruments, and has it been
" concealed from me till this moment?
" Oh why was it kept ſuch a ſecret?"

" It has not been kept a ſecret, but the
" harp was ſent to London ſome time ago
" to be repaired, and did not return till
" laſt night."

" But how extraordinary that I ſhould
" never have heard this accompliſhment
" mentioned by herſelf or any one elſe."

" Miſs

" Miſs Campbell never wiſhes any ta-
" lent ſhe poſſeſſes to be made the ſubject
" of converſation. If this will prove a
" ſource of entertainment to you it will
" give her great pleaſure, and ſhe will
" play to you whenever you pleaſe."

Away I flew to the library in ſuch mingled aſtoniſhment and extaſy, that I could not forbear breaking into enthuſiaſtic expreſſions of admiration, which I afterwards thought bordered too nearly upon ſome of poor Harry's rhapſodies, though here they were really and truly the *genuine effuſions of the heart*. I then apologiſed for my intruſion, and only begged permiſſion to ſtay and liſten as long as ſhe ſhould continue playing. To this ſhe very obligingly aſſented, but ſaid I ſhould hear her to great diſadvantage, both as ſhe had been long out of practice, and had not yet put the inſtrument into proper tune. But, oh heavens! if ſuch was her performance under theſe diſadvantages, what muſt it be when they are removed?

After playing for near two hours, I expressed my astonishment that so long as I had been in the house, I had never heard her mention this talent. "Why should it "have been mentioned?" she replied. "It was not from a desire of fame that I "sought the acquisition of it, but partly "for my own amusement, and still more "with a view of contributing to the entertainment of an infirm father, whose "confinement I was anxious to alleviate "by every means in my power."

"And may I ask how you could "procure instruction? You must have "had it from a very superior performer to "arrive at such proficiency."

"I received my first instructions from a "poor Welchman, and after his death for "several summers successively I was attended by a very excellent master from "London. To the latter I am principally "indebted for the progress I have made, "yet I must own that the simple unsophisticated child of St. David was always my

"greatest

"greateſt favourite. There was ſomething "in that man's appearance and ſtory un-"commonly intereſting. Affliction drove "him forth a wanderer from his own home "and country; his unſettled mind hoped "in change of ſcene to find a charm to "ſoothe its ſorrows, but melancholy ſtill "preyed upon his mind and brought him "at length to the grave. I have his harp "ſtill in my poſſeſſion, and ſhall always "keep it as a memorial of him, though "it is too much decayed and out of repair "ever to be uſed."

"Were you long his pupil?"

"Two years. He wandered hither by "accident, and was firſt noticed by the "ſervants, who, charmed with an inſtru-"ment to which they were till then entire "ſtrangers, invited him into their hall to "play to them. They ſoon thought that "he might alſo afford ſome amuſement to "my father and myſelf, and mentioned "him to us, when we immediately ſent "for him. We were both much delighted

"not

"not only with his harp, but with himſelf, "and entering into converſation we ſoon "learned that he had been in good cir- "cumſtances, but loſing an only daughter "juſt grown up, in whom his whole ſoul "was wrapped, his mind became unſettled, "his affairs were neglected, and his harp "alone had power for a moment to chaſe "deſpair from his heart. But after a "while he was ſeized with a ſudden fancy "to wander, and ſet out with his harp "as his ſole ſource of ſolace and ſupport."

"Poor fellow! His rugged mountains "then proved no barrier againſt the in- "truſion of ſorrow."

"Alas no! Theſe are afflictions that "penetrate even into the remoteſt ſeclu- "ſions, and 'tis there that they are felt the "moſt ſeverely. Amid the tumult of a "capital, where a thouſand objects diſtract "the attention, his Winifred had perhaps "been forgotten; but in a ſolitary cot- "tage at the foot of a rugged mountain, "ſhe was his all, his world, and every day's

"experience

" experience but made him more and more " sensible of his loss. I have a song by " me which he wrote to the memory of his " child, adapted to one of the most plaintive " airs of his country. You shall hear it."

And she gave me the words, Orlando, to read as she played the air. Here they are, and tell me now if you can conceive any thing more affecting than to have heard Llwellin sing this as he sat on the grave of his Winny, which was his constant practice every night, from the time it was composed till he left the country.

THE HARPER's LAMENTATION.

When the wind rocks the trees, and the sea fiercely roars,
And the big-swelling billows with surge dash the shores,
Oh it soothes my torn heart the storm's fury to brave,
While it waves the long grass that grows o'er my child's grave.

From the clouds when in torrents descend the chill rains,
And the streams from the mountains pour down on the plains,

How

How I love my parch'd limbs in the waters to lave,
As they wet the cold ſods that lie o'er my child's grave.

When the winter's hoar blaſts ravage nature around,
And with one whiten'd ſurface the ſnow ſpreads the ground;
From the ſnow or the blaſt ſtill no ſhelter I crave,
For I wiſh but to reſt on my hapleſs child's grave.

She was once the delight and the pride of the green,
But ſhe's gone, and there's nothing in life's vacant ſcene
Can her father's gray hairs from diſtraction now ſave,
But they'll ſorr'wing deſcend to his only child's grave.

A tear of ſympathy ſtole down Olivia's cheek as ſhe drew from her lyre ſtrains ſo ſimple, yet ſo plaintive and ſo pathetic, that they could ſcarcely be heard unmoved even by thoſe leaſt accuſtomed to the "melting mood." Another drop that trembled in her eye ſhe wiped away. I wiſhed to have ſaid, remove it not, the eye illumined by the tear of compaſſion cannot fail to be brilliant. "Ah," ſhe ſaid, as ſhe

ſhe finiſhed, " you hear this but im-
" perfectly, his own feelings alone could
" give full effect to a melody ſo mournful."
" And," ſaid I, " from that moment he
" was received into your houſe?"
" Not quite ſo. This indeed was pro-
" poſed to him, but preferring to live by
" himſelf, he was immediately eſtabliſhed
" in the cottage where now live his two
" countrywomen Lucy Morgan and her
" mother, which was then juſt finiſhed.
" Here in ſummer evenings his neighbours
" uſed to throng around him and liſten to
" his artleſs ſtrains, nor was any one more
" known or beloved for ſeveral miles
" round than honeſt Llwellin. Often was
" he entreated to play at the country wakes
" and fairs, but theſe feſtive meetings ſuit-
" ed not the ſadneſs of his ſoul, nor could
" he ever be perſuaded to join in them.
" Placid compoſure ſat on his brow, but
" ſorrow preyed on his vitals, and after two
" years more put an end to his life. His
" funeral was attended by all who had been

"charmed with his ſtrains, and never was "mould'ring duſt watered with a greater "profuſion of unfeigned tears."

"Alas! there are wounds ſo deep that "no cares, no kindneſs, can heal them."

"Too true! Yet one ſatisfaction we "had, in the hope that his latter days were "perhaps leſs miſerable than if we had not "known him."

"Oh God! what a bleſſing is fortune 'when thus devoted to ſoothing the mi-"ſeries and promoting the happineſs of all "around us!"

"Yes, fortune has bleſſings peculiarly its "own, but is not without its concomitant "cares and ſorrows. Moments of the "pureſt delight it may impart to the ſoul "in the conſciouſneſs that it has been ren-"dered ſubſervient to the happineſs of "others, yet there are alſo moments when "we cannot but deeply feel how powerleſs "it is to inſure our own."

She ſeemed almoſt overpowered with the reflections paſſing in her boſom as ſhe

made

made this obſervation. An expreſſion of benign ſadneſs overſpread her features, which methought, if it did not render them beautiful, gave them at leaſt at the moment an intereſt that beauty itſelf could not have increaſed, and I felt myſelf ſo irreſiſtibly affected, that I was obliged to riſe and go to the window to conceal my emotion. What could her words import? That ſhe is herſelf unhappy? And whence can originate this unhappineſs? Ryder ſaid he was to quit the kingdom, and he parted from me in emotions ſimilar to thoſe I had now obſerved in Olivia, while a kind of myſtery was thrown over the words of both. Ah! theſe are aſſuredly links of the ſame chain! doubtleſs they are ſtrongly attached to each other, yet ſome ſecret myſterious cauſe prevents their forming an union equally the wiſh of both. This, this alone explains the conduct of both, this accounts for the rejection of my offer.

I was in the midſt of theſe reflections when Olivia began again to touch the harp

ſtrings. I turned round, her countenance was become ſerene, and I ſat down by her. To what this intereſting ſcene might ultimately have led, had it been ſuffered to continue, I know not, but at this inſtant the door opened, and in came Sir Francis and Beauchamp. Heavens! with what a glow of ſatisfaction was the Baronet's countenance illumined at finding Olivia and me thus alone together. Yet there was a mixture of mortification to alloy his tranſport, in the idea that he had thus unſeaſonably interrupted a tête-à-tête from which he augured ſo much good. He would therefore inſtantly have withdrawn upon ſome ſlight pretence, but Olivia detained him, as ſhe ſaid ſhe had gotten ſome new muſic which ſhe wiſhed him to hear, for ſhe thought it would ſuit his taſte.

St. John, what a revolution has Campbell-Houſe effected in my ſentiments. I entered it fully poſſeſſed with the opinion that a woman who was not handſome was an animal juſt to be tolerated in ſociety,

 and

and no more; but I am now much more ſtrongly convinced that beauty is a mere trifle when put in compariſon with ſuch ſuperior qualities of the mind as I have long been in the daily habit of contemplating. Yes, Orlando, I do aſſure you that I reaſon upon the inſtability of the one, and the ſtability of the other, with ſuch true philoſophical preciſion, that were you to hear me you would ſcarcely think it poſſible you could be liſtening to Lionel Stanhope. I entered Campbell-Houſe, beſides, little prejudiced in favour of matrimony, and diſpoſed to think it a yoke from which every wiſe man would ſhrink; but I would now earneſtly recommend it to the wiſeſt, and only regret that I have no immediate proſpect of entering into the ſtate myſelf.

Next week, Orlando, I am to become the object of your confirmed envy, for in the courſe of it the Scarborough party are expected here. Peggy Perkins, however, does not accompany them. I have already been

been introduced to her, and admire her as much as you do. Many days have now elapſed ſince ſhe ſuddenly appeared at the door of Mrs. Stapleton's houſe at Doncaſter, ſaying, that if convenient ſhe was come to paſs ſome time with her. With this lady ſhe two or three years ſince became acquainted at Bath, where they ſoon grew ſuch *dear friends*, that Mrs. Stapleton, on quitting the place, invited Peggy to come and ſtay with her whenever it would be agreeable, But the moment when it would be ſo has only now arrived. Unable any longer to endure being under the ſame roof with ſuch a *bitter enemy* as Mr. Tichfield, yet ſcarcely knowing whither to fly, Mrs. Stapleton's invitation ſuddenly ruſhed into her mind; a chaiſe was inſtantly ordered, and ſhe ſet off poſt for Doncaſter. Mrs. Stapleton was rejoiced to find herſelf not entirely forgotten by her young friend; Peggy was rejoiced at having eſcaped from the perſecutions ſhe had endured at Scarborough, and all is at preſent halcyon days

 between

between them—while Mrs. Harrifon is a thinking that Mifs Perkins is worth a dozen of your Mifs Campbells. So does not think

Yours very faithfully,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

LETTER XV.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* HENRY EGERTON.

Campbell-House, October 18.

OH Harry! why do you not write to me?—This ſuſpenſe is inſupportable—'tis agony!—what am I to think of it?—By that ſacred friendſhip which has ſo long united us, I call on you, I conjure you, to write inſtantly, though it be no more than to ſay, "*I am well.*" If I do not hear of you by the return of the poſt I ſhall ſet off immediately for Arrenton, convinced that illneſs alone can occaſion your ſilence.

Harry, I am myſelf perplexed and irritated beyond expreſſion. "*What a piece of work is man!*"—Who could have imagined, after what had paſſed between Ryder and myſelf at his departure, that he ſtill retained any enmity towards me?—that he could, even at that moment, be

brooding over a ſuppoſed injury he had received at my hands, and meditating on ſo contemptible a mode as he has ſince adopted, of giving vent to his indignation. Fortunate is it perhaps for both that ſeas now divide us, and that he is placed out of reach of the vengeance he has provoked, for no common ſatisfaction could atone for ſuch behaviour. Unmanly ſlanderer!—firſt to traduce my character ſo ſhamefully, then in mockery to call upon me to anſwer his charges as a gentleman; yet to ſhun himſelf the meeting he had ſummoned, and, as the climax of all, to ſhelter himſelf from my juſt, juſt reſentment, by ſkulking meanly out of the kingdom.

Read the following letter, Harry, and then form your own opinion of Ryder's character. To me 'tis now fully developed, and I am only aſtoniſhed that he has been able ſo long to impoſe himſelf upon people of any diſcernment as a man of honour and integrity:

SIR,

"Sir,

"How artfully ſoever your illicit inter-
"courſe with the deluded woman I had
"madly intended to make my wife has
"been carried on, I rejoice to ſay that
"your guilt, and her ſhame, now ſtand
"fully detected. My heart, I own, is
"deeply wounded at finding one I ſo ten-
"derly loved thus baſe and falſe; nor is
"my pride much leſs mortified that I
"could be duped into believing her a
"ſincere penitent, and could conſequently
"think of uniting myſelf with a woman
"once ſo diſhonoured. Oh! never can
"I be ſufficiently thankful to that Being
"who has opened my eyes before my
"diſgrace was inevitably ſealed.

"But though, from this moment, I caſt
"the faithleſs Lucy from my heart for
"ever, I ſhall take no other method of
"teſtifying to her the regret and reſent-
"ment I feel for her conduct than ſilent
"contempt—her ſex protects her from
"my farther indignation. But with you,
"Mr. Stanhope, 'tis otherwiſe, and I call

" upon you to anſwer as a gentleman for " the injury my honour has ſuſtained by " your baſe ſeduction of this unfortunate " creature.—Oh ſhame! ſhame!—had ſhe " not ſuffered enough from her former " lapſe, but muſt you replunge her into " the ſtate of ignominy from which ſhe " had juſt emerged?—This, then, was the " errand that attracted you ſo much to the " wood—this it was that occaſioned your " repeated intruſions on my beloved ſo- " litude.

" I ſhall not expect any other anſwer " than your perſonal attendance to-mor- " row morning at ſeven o'clock, at the " ruins of St. Martin's monaſtery, where " you will find waiting to receive you,

" Sir, your humble ſervant,

" RICHARD RYDER."

This letter was given to me during dinner two days ago, but, aſtoniſhed as I was at its contents, I had yet ſufficient command of myſelf not to betray any emotion, but ſimply to enquire how it came, when

I was

I was informed that it was brought by a ragged gypſey-like appearing man, who ſaid he was merely ordered to leave it.

As ſoon as we roſe from table, I took Beauchamp aſide, and imparted the letter to him. He was not leſs aſtoniſhed than myſelf, and eagerly enquired whether there was any foundation for the charge. I aſſured him ſolemnly that nothing could be more unfounded—that I had never entertained the moſt diſtant idea of a diſhonourable connection with Lucy, nor could I imagine what had created ſuch a ſuſpicion. During the whole time of my ſtay at Campbell-Houſe, I ſaid, I had been but twice in her cottage, the firſt time when I appeared as her champion againſt Owen, and once afterwards, when he might recollect our calling in to ſee little Fanny, and Ryder's ward. Upon this aſſurance Beauchamp promiſed to accompany me on the next morning to my appointment, when, he ſaid, unleſs he was extremely miſtaken in Ryder's character, he had no

doubt of our ſettling the matter without coming to extremities.

To St. Martin's, therefore, we repaired at ſeven o'clock, and waited there two hours, without Ryder's appearing, or ſending any apology for his abſence. I was then, and not without reaſon, thoroughly incenſed againſt him, and vehemently ſwore that if he was above ground I would find him out, and both ſhould not quit the field alive.

But Beauchamp, ſomewhat more calm than myſelf, had ſenſe enough to prevent my ſetting out on ſuch a wild-gooſe chace, and compromiſed the matter by conſenting to accompany me inſtantly to Pontefract, when, if we did not find the delinquent, I engaged to let the affair reſt till his return. We accordingly went to a farm-houſe at a ſhort diſtance from St. Martin's, and there got a pen and ink to write a note of apology for our abſence to Olivia, and ſending it off to Campbell-Houſe, we proceeded to the place of our deſtination.

We

We arrived there, however, too late; Ryder had left Pontefract very early in the morning, fo in compliance with my engagement to Beauchamp, I prepared myfelf to go peaceably home. But I folemnly fwore that at whatever diftance of time the delinquent might return, he fhould not find my thirft for vengeance flaked, but that the laft drop of my blood fhould, if neceffary, be fpilled in obtaining the fatisfaction for which my foul fo eagerly panted. I entreated Beauchamp, in the mean time, to let the whole tranfaction remain a profound fecret between him and myfelf, which he faithfully promifed. From you only, Harry, I could not withhold it, fatisfied that the fecrecy I enjoined him will be equally obferved by you.

And now tell me, if you can, what I am to think of this affair. It feems altogether of a nature fo ftrange and unaccountable, that Beauchamp has once or twice fuggefted a doubt whether the challenge really came from Ryder, or whether it was not

ſent by ſome other perſon, either from a miſtaken idea of joke, or a diabolical purpoſe of creating miſchief and diſſenſion. I ſhall certainly take all poſſible pains to ſearch out the bearer of the letter, and endeavour to learn ſuch farther particulars from him as may throw ſome light upon the buſineſs. Beauchamp, however, while he doubts the authenticity of the letter, yet owns that he believes the hand-writing to be Ryder's. But adieu for the preſent; I am called away.

. . . . . .

I reſume my pen, Harry, not to elucidate the extraordinary circumſtances detailed above, but to give the whole tranſaction, if poſſible, a more unaccountable appearance.

It was to Beauchamp I was ſummoned when I broke off. He ſaid he had been debating ſtrongly with himſelf whether or not to impart to me ſome farther particulars reſpecting Ryder, which

he

he could not help conceiving to be connected with the challenge; and had at length determined that they had better be imparted.

" You may remember," said he, " that " on the last day he was here, he had " a private conference with me, as well " as with Miss Campbell and yourself. His " business with me, was to put into my " hands the following letter, which he " had received a few days before, and to " request that I would if possible trace out " the author of it, since his unavoidable " absence from the kingdom precluded the " possibility of his making the investigation " himself."

" Sir,

" I am one among a considerable num- " ber of persons who have long contem- " plated with astonishment the extraordi- " nary and eccentric manner in which Miss " Campbell conducts herself. That she " has uniformly defied all the rules decorum " prescribes to her sex, is too notorious to " need being dwelt upon, but never has

" her

" her conduct appeared in a light ſo truly " cenſurable, as it muſt now be viewed, " both with reference to Mr. Stanhope and " yourſelf. The terms on which you have " always been received at her houſe, na- " turally led every one to ſuppoſe a con- " nection of the neareſt and deareſt nature, " to be a thing determined on, and ſpeedily " to be concluded between you and her, " nor would any woman but herſelf have " acted as ſhe has done without ſuch views.

" But behold, it appears that this ſeem- " ing preference of you, was only an artful " plan to make you her tool for bringing " Mr. Stanhope, to whom ſhe has been " attached from the firſt moment of their " acquaintance, to an explanation of his " ſentiments. Yet as ſhe never can pro- " ceed in the way uſual among people of " *common* capacities, this marriage is to be " concluded with a ſuddenneſs and privacy " that ſhall aſtoniſh the whole neighbour- " hood. To-morrow morning at eight " o'clock their hands are to be joined by " Doctor Paul, in Maxſtead church, in the

" preſence

" presence only of Mr. Beauchamp and " Miss Campbell's favourite Lucy Mor- " gan. Even Sir Francis is to know " nothing of the matter till the ceremony " is performed, and he is to be surprised " at breakfast by being presented with a " daughter-in-law.

" But as this presentation may probably " not be so agreeable a surprise to you, " Sir, as to the good Baronet, information " of it is sent you by one who compas- " sionates your situation, who feels for such " a disappointment of all your hopes, and " who thinks that the stroke may be " somewhat palliated by not coming upon " you entirely unprepared. Anonymous " communciations, I am sensible, are little " entitled to attention, but the accuracy " of this intelligence, believe me, Sir, " may be depended on, and you will easily " see the hazard incurred had it been sent " in any other form.

" It was to procure the licence and ring " that Mr. Stanhope and Mr. Beauchamp

" were at Doncaſter this morning, and to " ſettle the matter with Doctor Paul that " they called upon him at their return.

" I am, Sir,

" Very faithfully yours,

" &c. &c."

" This letter," continued Beauchamp, " Mr. Ryder ſaid was given him by a man " on horſeback whom he met upon the " road as he was taking his accuſtomed " walk very early in the morning, and " who rode haſtily away the moment he " had delivered it. He was ſtruck and " aſtoniſhed beyond meaſure, and his firſt " impulſe was to carry the letter imme- " diately to Olivia; but this idea was ſoon " relinquiſhed, as he could not but ſee " that there would be a great degree of " indelicacy in it towards her, and he only " reſolved if poſſible to trace out its au- " thor, in ſilence, and ſecrecy. Nor," he added, " ſhould he have imparted the " circumſtance even to me, only that

" being

" being obliged himſelf to leave the king-
" dom, his own purſuit of the affair was
" rendered impoſſible."

" And did he make no remarks upon
" the contents of the letter?" ſaid I.

" Not one. Yet he ſeemed violently
" agitated as he talked upon the ſubject,
" and when he put the letter into my
" hands, his own trembled to a degree for
" which I thought the mere circumſtance
" itſelf no adequate cauſe."

" And have you," ſaid I, " diſcovered
" either the author or the bearer of the
" letter?"

" I have not yet had time to make ſuch
" enquiries are were likely to be attended
" with ſucceſs; but may we not ſuſpect
" that the challenge and this letter are
" in ſome way connected together, and
" are the joint offspring of a regular and
" determined plan for ſetting you and Mr.
" Ryder at variance. Who can tell what
" other inſinuations may have reached
" him, and perhaps almoſt unknown to

" himſelf

"himſelf had ſome influence in the aſpe-
"rity with which he cenſured your general
"conduct."

"Good God! but what motives can
"any one have for wiſhing to promote
"this animoſity between us?"

"'Tis impoſſible to ſay. Perhaps they
"may be the intrigues of ſome rejected
"lover of Miſs Campbell's, who in re-
"venge for his own diſappointment, wiſhes
"to foil every other ſuitor who has a better
"proſpect of ſucceſs. But paſs we theſe
"ſpeculations, for I have yet more to tell
"you. I called this morning upon Doc-
"tor Paul on a piece of pariſh buſineſs,
"when he having ſomebody elſe with him,
"I was conducted into the parlour to Per-
"cival Altham. The ſprightly youth,
"with his accuſtomed loquacity, imme-
"diately commenced an ample detail of
"all the news of the neighbourhood col-
"lected ſince he was laſt at Campbell-
"Houſe, not any of which was worth
"attending to, excepting that yeſterday
"morning,

" morning, at the very time we muſt have " been waiting for Ryder at St. Martin's, " he was met by the Doctor's ſervant in a " poſt-chaiſe, with a young woman and " the myſterious child lately at nurſe here, " upon the road to London."

" Gracious heavens! ſtill more and more " extraordinary!"

" Yes, the whole buſineſs is utterly in- " comprehenſible. But ſince I expect " every moment to be ſummoned to at- " tend Miſs Campbell to Lucy's cottage, " let me ſay all that remains."

He then proceeded to make an elaborate apology for not having faithfully adhered to his promiſe of ſecrecy on the ſubject of the challenge, but he ſaid, as Miſs Campbell had got ſome confuſed notion of our expedition yeſterday morning being upon an affair of honour, ſhe had preſſed him ſo cloſely upon the ſubject, that he thought it better at once fairly and honeſtly to tell her the whole ſtory. It was by means of Jerry, the

the ever-watchful, ever-inquiſitive Mr. Jerry, that the ſuſpicion came round to her. When I was about to depart for St. Martin's, I ſearched for my piſtols, but no where could I find them. In a tumult of agitation and vexation I rang for my good valet, and enquired whether he knew any thing about them? but he had not ſeen 'em, he ſaid, niver ſin he came into the houſe. At length I recollected that I had never had them ſince the night of my encounter with the ghoſt, and that they were therefore probably left in the haunted room.

This recollection by no means helped me out of my difficulty. I dared not aſk for admiſſion into that room, leſt my motive ſhould be enquired into, and on its being known that I wanted my piſtols, an alarm of the occaſion for which they were wanted ſhould be excited in the houſe. I was obliged therefore to depart without them, and borrow Beauchamp's for the encounter. But Jerry, who, good ſoul, is as com-

municative as he is inquiſitive, could not reſiſt talking to the ſervants about my loſs, and wondering whether the piſtols really were left in that room, and wondering ſtill more what I could want with them at that time in the morning, till at length, through the medium of Mrs. Jenny, theſe ſpeculations reached the ear of Olivia herſelf.

When ſhe learned the whole ſtory ſhe was not leſs aſtoniſhed than we had been before her, and ſaid ſhe had no idea that Ryder ever had entertained any thoughts of marrying Lucy, much leſs that he was abſolutely engaged to her; nay, ſhe thought this impoſſible, ſince ſhe knew that Lucy had encouraged the viſits of a farmer in the pariſh, upon terms on which ſhe ought not to have received him, ſuppoſing Ryder to be paying his addreſſes to her. She ſaid however, that ſhe would talk to Lucy upon the ſubject, and if it ſhould appear that ſhe had been encouraging two lovers at a time, ſhe ſhould reprehend her very ſeverely. Before I cloſe my letter, I may perhaps

perhaps be able to ſend you the reſult of this inveſtigation.

. . . .

Yes, Harry, the inveſtigation is over, and Lucy declares that Ryder never gave her the leaſt reaſon to ſuppoſe he had any partiality for her. She ſaid that ſhe indeed ſaw him often when he came to viſit his little ward, and he ſeemed pleaſed with her taking notice of the child, but ſhe believes he never was in her houſe above three or four times in his life, and then only came becauſe Maria was there. Lucy owned beſides, that ſhe had actually engaged herſelf to Mr. Boſwell, the farmer to whom Olivia alluded, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to mention the affair to her patroneſs, and expreſs her hopes that the match would meet with her approbation.

When Beauchamp told me this, he added, "I confeſs I was ſurpriſed at what

"Lucy ſaid with regard to Mr. Ryder, ſince "I always concluded that the viſits he made "oſtenſibly to the little Maria, were in "reality intended for the ſchool-miſtreſs, "and I believe I once ſaid as much to you, "Mr. Stanhope."

"You did, and I was not a little aſtoniſh-"ed at hearing it. But we daily ſee ſuch "very extraordinary matches, that 'tis "almoſt abſurd ever to wonder at any."

"True. And though from Mr. Ryder's "turn of mind I ſhould have conceived a "ſenſible and rational companion to be "the object moſt likely to gain his affec-"tions, yet I know ſo well the power of "a pretty face, that I thought in following "that, he had waved the leſs important "ſubject, as it is generally deemed of in-"tellect."

"But what ſhall we ſay now? Do not his partialities appear to lie in a very dif-"ferent direction? This child, the young "woman with whom he was ſeen journey-"ing?"

"Un-

" Undoubtedly furniſh ſufficient grounds
" for conjecturing that he has formed ſome
" connection wnich for private reaſons he
" does not chuſe to acknowledge. As to
" the child itſelf, I have already told you
" how much I have frequently ſuſpected it
" to be his own, and that I even think it
" like him."

" Yes, all is now ſolved. In our laſt
" converſation he ſaid that auſterity on
" the part of its grand-father precluded
" the child's being owned by its parents,
" whence it may juſtly be inferred that he
" has married a woman whoſe friends he
" is convinced would not approve the
" match, were it known, and thus 'tis for
" the preſent concealed. Or, perhaps, to
" hazard another ingenious ſpeculation,
" the marriage is diſcovered, and he has
" now taken his wife abroad, to remove
" her from the perſecutions to which ſhe
" would be ſubjected here."

" Doubtleſs you are right, and all his
" late uneaſineſs of mind, his emotions at

" parting with Miſs Campbell and your-
" ſelf, aroſe from painful reflections upon
" this ſubject, from a conſciouſneſs per-
" haps, that he had been the means of
" enticing a young woman away from a
" ſtate of eaſe and affluence, to ſhare his
" difficulties, his poverty."

Thus have Beauchamp and I, at laſt, ſettled the matter to our ſatisfaction, at leaſt as far as concerns the child, but the affair of the challenge ſtill remains wholly inexplicable. Before, however, I finally take my leave of this babe, who has furniſhed me ſo much at ſundry times with materials for filling my letters, what has paſſed with honeſt Jerry upon the ſubject muſt not be forgotten.

The other day, as I was dreſſing, he was extremely full of Ryder's having taken the child away in ſuch haſte, and wondered what could be the reaſon of it, and wondered whether it really was his own child, with many other wonders and ſpeculations. I plainly ſaw all this time that

there was a ſomething more at bottom on which his mind was extremely occupied, yet which he was doubtful whether he might venture to mention or not, and I therefore charitably gave him the one word of encouragement, which alone was wanting to embolden him to ſpeak without reſerve. He then ſaid, " ſome folks had " ſuch odd thoughts about that child."

" What thoughts, Jerry ?"

" Why, mayhap your honour would be " angry."

" Not with you, Jerry, for hearing " them, though perhaps with others for " harbouring them."

" Why, to be ſure your honour, ſome " folks will have it as its madam's own " child, and that Muſter Ryder is the fa- " ther."

" Pſhaw!—I hope you don't believe " ſuch abſurd and ſcandalous falſhoods, " Jerry ?"

" Not I to be ſure, your honour, and " the ſarvents is all main angry that any

" body

" body ſhould dare for to ſay ſuch a thing " of their miſtreſs. But to be ſure 'tis " ſomehows or other, main odd about the " child, and nobody knows exactly what " for to think, ſo every body's for having " of ſome thought or other."

" And pray who could ſuſpect that the " child was Miſs Campbell's."

" Why, it were Parſon Paul's ſarvent as " ſaid it, and he were ſartin he ſaid as it " were ſo, and I thought once as Will. " Beckford the footman and he would " downright a fit about it, for he ſays " he's mortal ſartin as the parſon himſelf " has the ſame thought."

" Well, Jerry, don't let the parſon's " ſervant or any other impertinent bab- " bler perſuade you to believe ſuch " nonſenſe. The child, I'll lay my life " on't, is no more Miſs Campbell's than " mine."

When I related this converſation to Beauchamp, he ſaid,—" I know this is not " the firſt time that ſuch a ſuſpicion has

" been hinted. But does it not confute " itſelf?—Suppoſing Miſs Campbell to " be attached to Mr. Ryder, what ſhould " prevent her marrying him, except his " not being himſelf inclined to the match, " and then 'tis not likely that he ſhould " have ſought a connection with her in " any other way. Beſides I think we " have already ſettled the matter very ſa- " tisfactorily, and without affixing ſcandal " any where."

So here, Harry, I take leave of the infant, for the preſent at leaſt, and with once more exhorting you not to fail of letting me hear from you by the return of the poſt, either by yourſelf or your ſecretary, I ſubſcribe myſelf

Your unalterably faithful

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XVI.

LIONEL STANHOPE *to* WILLIAM SPENCER, *Steward to Mr.* EGERTON.

Campbell-Houſe, October 21.

DEAR SIR,

I AM under ſuch extreme anxiety at not hearing from Mr. Egerton, that I can no longer delay applying to you for intelligence concerning him. I am apprehenſive that he may be ill—perhaps, alas, the unfortunate buſineſs in which he has been lately engaged, has proved too much for a mind haraſſed as his was before it was undertaken. Oh God! this is what I have always feared!

I entreat you then not to delay a moment giving me a line to inform me of his real ſituation, and if I think my preſence neceſſary, or even that it can in any

way be uſeful, I will fly inſtantly to the aſ-
ſiſtance of my poor friend.

I am, Dear Sir,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XVII.

WILLIAM SPENCER *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Arrenton, October 23.

DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely concerned that it is not in my power to give you all the ſatisfaction I wiſh, with regard to Mr. Egerton. His preſence not being neceſſary here, about a week ago he left Arrenton, as I ſuppoſed to join you. In this, it appears I was miſtaken, yet I hope, Sir, that there is no occaſion for alarm upon his account, as his mind had been much more compoſed for ſeveral days prior to his departure, than it was on his firſt coming hither. Indeed I think you may be perfectly eaſy about him, and may reſt aſſured that before many days are expired you will either ſee or hear from him.

Should any tidings of himſelf or his route, reach me, Sir, you may depend on my handing you a line immediately from

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM SPENCER.

RAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. THE

LETTER XVIII.

Lionel Stanhope *to* Orlando St. John.

Campbell-Houſe, October 28.

St. John, when I tell you that the Tichfields have been here for a week paſt, will you not envy me?—Will you not be ready to tear out your own eyes, ſince you cannot reach mine, with very rage at the idea of my enjoying a happineſs for which you ſigh in vain?—But patience!—I am not altogether as great an object of envy as you may ſuppoſe me. The Tichfields are indeed here, but unaccompanied either by your enchanting widow or bewitching ſpinſter. The former, who I underſtood was to be of the party to this houſe, is ſtaying at a Mr. Blake's at Doncaſter, a family who are rather intimate here; and Charlotte, a few days before the Tich-

fields left Scarborough, received a summons to meet her father and mother immediately at Bath, who had come over from Ireland a month sooner than they originally intended.

Upon the faith of a true knight, St. John, the widow is an enchanting little creature, and very likely, I fear, to dispute the empire of my heart with the intellectual heiress, spite of the soul-subduing strains she draws from her harp.

We have had routs, balls, concerts, dinners, suppers, and in short gaieties of every kind, under every shape and form that fancy could devise or taste improve. Captain Tichfield paying his court to the lady of the house with such sweet, such tender assiduity, that he has really been almost as attentive to her as to himself.— And alas! must it be owned? Yes it must, for 'tis but too true!—Olivia seems not a little gratified, even with these forced attentions from such a butterfly. Oh woman!—woman;—still woman, whether

with

with a pretty or a plain face, whether with a cultivated or uncultivated mind!—muft I then at laft rank Olivia only on a level with the reft of her fex?—I could not flatter her, and fhe rejected me, Captain Tichfield pours a torrent of thofe unmeaning nothings which the world calls *compliments* into her ears, and to him fhe liftens with evident delight. She will play on the harp at my requeft, becaufe Captain Tichfield likes it, but in vain did I folicit her hand to dance at a ball, for that would have interfered with the all-elegant, all-accomplifhed captain.

Yes, Orlando, I came home from a ball at Doncafter, the night before laft, full of indignation againft the whole fex, and fwearing that ugly or handfome they were all flirts and coquettes alike. That the fole object on which the heart of a woman is fixed, is to draw round her a croud of admirers, to receive their flatteries and attentions as long as they continue amufing, and then to buffet them away to make

room for another ſet of butterflies, whoſe reign is equally tranſient.

And yet, after I had vented my ſpleen, I could not forbear aſking myſelf whether this invective did not proceed rather from mortified vanity than from any juſt cauſe. Fully convinced, that I Lionel Stanhope, a *fine*, *handſome*, *ſpirited* young fellow, the heir of a baronetage, of a *very ancient* baronetage, had only to aſk the hand of any lady I might wiſh to ſelect as my partner for the evening, and it would be granted with eagerneſs and tranſport—full of theſe conceited ideas, I never thought of engaging a partner before I went to the ball. I then made my firſt application to Olivia, but ſhe was engaged for the whole evening alternately to Captain Tichfield and young Blake, a ſmart ſtudent of the law. Next I applied to the gay widow, but ſhe did not chooſe to dance at all—no, there ſhe ſat ſurrounded by ſuch a croud of officers talking ſilly frothy nonſenſe to her, that I not only could not prevail upon her

dance with me, but could ſcarcely even manage to get in a word of converſation the whole evening. She is an intolerable coquette, St. John, after all.

Yet not abſolutely daunted by theſe two repulſes, I did venture farther to make my bow to the two Miſs Blakes. But as they are really very genteel girls, and not many of the belles of the Doncaſter balls have any claim to be called ſo, the officers, of whom there are a great many here at preſent, had taken care to ſecure them for ſo many dances, that I had no chance but for a fifteenth or a ſixteenth, at the very end of the evening. What then could I do?—I ſat myſelf down in a corner of the room to watch the Captain and Olivia, till at length I was ſo completely out of humour, that from mere ſpite, I went and played at cards with the Mrs. Baxters, Mrs. Stapletons, &c. &c. But confound the cards, I could no more attend to them, than to the circle of beauty that ſurrounded the tables, and I did nothing but make blun-

ders and lofe both my own and my partners' money, till I fo completely damned my own reputation as a difciple of Hoyle, that my partners, poor fouls, were ready to fwear at me, as heartily as I had railed at the Olivias the Elizas, and all their tribe.

Yet, one fubject of amufement I did find at the card-table in liftening to the jokes that flew about. Mr. Baxter, fon to the widow of that name, whofe fame has been already chronicled in my letters to you, my dear Mr. St. John—yet, hold!—no, not to you, now I recollect myfelf, it was to Harry that honourable mention was made of her. Mr. Baxter, a dealer in coals, corn, &c. by profeffion, and a keen wit, by the bye, was the perfon to whom I was principally indebted for the few moments refpite I obtained from devouring ennui.

"What fhall I do?" faid his fair partner, with her head reclined on her hand in all the agitation of playing for the odd trick.

"Play nothing and take it up again," ſaid the facetious Mr. Baxter.

"Are you for a bet, Mr. Baxter?"

"With all my heart."

"Half a crown on the rubber?"

"Bet you a farthing cake, and I'll have "firſt bite."

"How many are you, Mr. Baxter?"

"Want one of half a couple."

But 'twould fill a whole volume were I to retail all the good things he uttered in the ſhort ſpace of two rubbers, and this will ſuffice as a ſpecimen.

When at length I thought I had diſgraced myſelf ſufficiently among the old ladies at the card-table, I returned once more into the dancing-room, and was actually very near being guilty of ſo great a piece of condeſcenſion as to dance two dances with Peggy Perkins. I found her in very great diſtreſs in ſearch of Percival Altham, to whom ſhe was engaged for the next two dances, and who was no where to be found. He, as it appeared afterwards, had,

had, like myſelf, in vain ſolicited the hands of Olivia, Madame de Clairville, and the two Miſs Blakes, but more perſevering than I had been, ſtopped not there, but next proceeded to requeſt the fair hand of Peggy—even that, however, was not to be obtained, till the eleventh and twelfth dances, but theſe he was faithfully promiſed.

Content with this trifling ſucceſs, he ſolicited no farther, but reſolved to wait with philoſophical patience the happy moment that was to place him *vis-a-vis* to an object ſo enchanting. Yet, on mature reflection, he thought that period ſeemed at ſo great a diſtance, that the intervening time could not be better employed than in a nap. When ſupper therefore was finiſhed, he ſkipped off to bed, leaving it in charge with one of the fidlers to call him a little before the concluſion of the tenth dance, for which the ſaid fidler was promiſed a reward of a whole ſhilling.

But the ſon of harmony, only in part faithful to his truſt, did not ſummon the pretty youth from his roſy ſlumbers till the tenth dance was wholly and entirely finiſhed, conſequently by the time the eleventh dance was to begin, he was not ready at his poſt. A ſtrict ſearch for the ſtray ſheep was immediately inſtituted by Peggy, but all in vain, he was no where to be found, nor could any one tell what was become of him. One advanced that he was gone home, another aſſerted with equal confidence that he was then drinking in the ſupper room, and probably by that time totally incapable of dancing, while a third not leſs confidently than either, affirmed that he was then in the card-room. Peggy was all this time ſo pathetically lamenting the hardſhip of her ſituation, that, at length, in compaſſion, I offered my ſervices to ſupply his place. This was joyfully accepted by her, and I was on the point of taking my ſtation among the dancers, when the fidler came in, and ſaid, " the gentleman had

" been

" been to bed, but was getting up again,
" and begged his compliments to the lady,
" and he'd be down in a minute or two."

Yes, Orlando, I returned from this ball railing at Olivia, abjuring de Clairville for ever, and firmly reſolved never to ſuffer any one of the ſex again to obtain an intereſt in my heart. But yeſterday we had a little concert here, Eliza ſung, Olivia played on the harp—Eliza looked all enchantment, Olivia drew ſtrains from her inſtrument that might have diſſolved the ſenſeleſs rock itſelf, and I looked at the one, and liſtened to the other, till I was in a perfect delirium, and went to bed fully convinced, that if I could but paſs the remainder of my days at Campbell Houſe, in the ſociety of theſe two enchanting women, the united world could not offer another ſituation to be put in competition with this.

Thus is toſſed about in a tempeſt of emotions, the boſom of

Yours moſt faithfully,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

LETTER XIX.

WILLIAM SPENCER *to* LIONEL STANHOPE.

Arrenton, October 28.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL not delay a moment to inform you that I have juſt received a letter from Mr. Egerton, without a date, but the poſt-mark upon it is Cheſter. He charges me to aſſure you that he is well, and that his late ſilence has been occaſioned by very particular circumſtances, which ſhall all be detailed to you at a future period. He cannot abſolutely fix the time, he ſays, of his return to Arrenton, but thinks he ſhall moſt likely be abſent about a fortnight or three weeks longer. Truſting that you will now be perfectly eaſy with regard to Mr. Egerton, I remain, dear Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

WILLIAM SPENCER.

LETTER XX.

Lionel Stanhope, *to* Orlando St. John.

Kilverton, November 8.

No longer, St. John, am I an inhabitant of Campbell-Houſe. Five days ago did I bid adieu to that hoſpitable manſion, and while I anxiouſly looked back to catch a laſt glance at its venerable turrets, as we were about to deſcend the hill that was to ſhut it out from our ſight, I heaved many a ſigh of regret, for the hours of delight I had experienced there, for joys but too rapidly paſſed away, and which, perhaps, alas! may never return.

Yes, I could not reſtrain a ſigh as I ſaw the laſt curl of the ſmoke that aſcended from the chimneys of a houſe where I have paſſed three months, certainly the moſt eventful, I think the moſt agreeable of my life— a houſe

a houſe which I entered full of levity, with a heart, I will not ſay abſolutely devoid of care, but a ſtranger to all cares except thoſe excited in it by anxious friendſhip, which I have quitted with a mind full of thought, and oppreſſed with anxieties concerning my own future deſtiny, though totally unſettled in its wiſhes on a ſubject ſo important. Which I entered with a heart wholly devoted to beauty—which I have quitted with feelings ſo much the reverſe, that though my rebel ſenſes in the preſence of the faſcinating de Clairville may diſpoſe me to reſign myſelf to her empire, yet, when that momentary deluſion is vaniſhed, which almoſt impel me to acknowledge the accompliſhed Olivia alone as the ſovereign arbitreſs of my fate—with feelings that chide my puerile folly, and inſenſibility to my own happineſs, in ever cheriſhing in my boſom, any other image ſave that of Olivia.

Any other *image* did I ſay ?—Ah, there's the rub ! 'tis that image alone that renders

her abſolute ſway doubtful!—Would to God that her mind were leſs, or her face more irreſiſtible!—While I hear her converſe, while I liſten to the ſtrains her magic fingers draw from her lyre, my ſoul is raviſhed. When I reflect on the unvarying ſweetneſs of her temper, on her benevolence ſo unceaſing, ſo unbounded, reaſon ſanctions my raptures, and I aſk myſelf what more the heart of man could wiſh for? Whether this is not a woman almoſt to be adored? Yet, even then, Eliza's fairy form will flit acroſs my fancy: I ſee that a ſomething ſtill is wanting in Olivia, and that ſomething ſo richly to be found in De Clairville, that I cannot forbear exclaiming, "Oh that the ſoul of the one, "were but enſhrined in the form of the "other!" Yet no! that were too much—for what heart could reſiſt ſuch collected charms?

Whether it were that the ſociety to which I had been ſo long accuſtomed made my boſom revolt againſt the inſipidities

dities of a watering place, or that the ſeaſon for Scarborough was nearly at an end, or that releaſed from all apprehenſions of the good baronet's importunities, I no longer wiſhed to ſhun his ſociety; to whichever of theſe cauſes my determination may be aſcribed, I cannot ſay, yet ſo it was, that, on quitting Campbell-Houſe, I had no inclination to proſecute the original plan, with which I left Kilverton, but reſolved to accompany my dear papa to his beloved home, and good old Dame.

So here I am, Orlando, once more an inhabitant of Kilverton Hall, where my lady received her *dear* ſpouſe, and her *dear* boy, with all that profuſion of delight that ladies are wont, after a long abſence, to experience at the ſight of ſuch *dear* objects, while old Thunder wagged his tail as we deſcended from the carriage, as though he would fairly have wagged it off, and the ſervants drew up all in array before the houſe door, to bid us welcome with each

each a grin of ſatisfaction upon their countenances.

And after all, St. John, there is ſomething very grateful to the feelings in finding ſuch a reception as this, theſe are pure unſophiſticated proofs of attachment inſpired by nature, and carry in them no diſguiſe, nor ſhould I ever expect much good from a heart inſenſible to them. I love to ſee every part of a family, from the higheſt to the loweſt, bound together by ties of affection, not to ſee the head oppreſſing the lower members, and the members grumbling at the tyranny and exaction of the head, but all together knowing only one common intereſt, and ſuch I truly think is the caſe here. Indeed it muſt be ſaid for the worthy old baronet and his lady, that they certainly are very good ſort of people, with whom 'tis ſcarcely poſſible to be long under the ſame roof and not feel a ſtrong love and reſpect for them. And if I have occaſionally taken the liberty of laughing at their peculiarities

culiarities myſelf, you can bear me witneſs, Orlando, and ſo could Harry too, that I never allowed this privilege to another, and that the noſe of any one who had dared to ridicule them in my preſence, would have been in a very perilous ſituation.

And what will you ſay, St. John, when you are farther informed, that not only ſhall I remain here for two months with no other ſociety than that of my dear parents, and the trees, and the birds, and the purling ſtreams, but that I have even prevailed upon theſe ſaid parents to paſs the winter in London themſelves, and to endeavour to perſuade Olivia to relinquiſh her plan of taking a houſe to herſelf, and become their gueſt in South Audley-Street. What a revolution from former times, when I always promoted to the utmoſt of my power, their remaining in the country all the year, that I might enjoy the world of faſhion by myſelf, in an elegant apartment at an elegant hotel.

Oh! I do feel indeed, that my mind has undergone a wonderful transformation.

You will not ſuppoſe that this plan met with much oppoſition from the Baronet and his lady, indeed 'tis not often that they oppoſe any thing ſuggeſted by their Lionel. But this was of a nature ſo peculiarly accordant with their own wiſhes, that Sir Francis would ſcarcely hear it out before he ſat down to write and mention it to Olivia. He indeed ſeems now to conſider his favourite point as carried, beyond all apprehenſion of farther diſappointment, ſince 'tis plain that his dear boy cannot very much diſlike the heireſs's company; and that ſhe ſhould not admire him is abſolutely impoſſible. 'Tis a fine thing, St. John, to be an only child, eſpecially when heir to a good fortune, we are then conſidered as beings of ſo very ſuperior a nature, that ſufficient homage can ſcarcely be paid us, and our humours can ſcarcely be ſufficiently ſtudied.

And yet, gratifying to our ſelf-love as all this may be, heaven knows how gladly

I would even yield up privileges so important, could I make Olivia my sister. Oh that this were possible! This would be indeed to form to myself a little paradise upon earth! What a delightful intercourse of fraternal attachment should we then maintain, how affectionately might we participate in each other's joys and sorrows, and administer to each other's happiness, without the tormenting reflection, that if a change of sentiments should arise, we must still be condemned to live together to our mutual torment.

Yet say, is it possible that such a connection as this could be interrupted without pain or remorse? Would the soul experience the less anguish in the conviction that a separation was necessary, because it was possible to separate? Ah! is there on earth a feeling more painful than the conviction that we must henceforward consider as a stranger to our hearts, and confidence, one with whom we have been accustomed to live on terms of unrestrained

friendſhip and intimacy? There may be circumſtances in which the diſſolution of ſuch a connection is the wiſeſt plan out of a choice of evils, but what ſhall we think of the heart that could contemplate ſuch a ſeparation with indifference? No! could I for a moment entertain an apprehenſion that the time would ever arrive, when as a ſiſter I could no longer love and regard her, all wiſh that ſhe were my ſiſter would be effectually ſuppreſſed! But theſe are at laſt mere idle ſpeculations, ſince my ſiſter ſhe never can be. Heighho!!!

We left Percival Altham in a ſad *quandary*; oh no, I am wrong, Beauchamp had juſt helped him out of one. On the day before our departure from Campbell-Houſe, he made his appearance there, and requeſted a few minutes private converſation with the privy-counſellor general, Beauchamp. This being granted, he very ſeriouſly and ſolemnly proceeded to ſay, that as his uncle was abſent for a few days, he had taken the liberty to apply to Mr. Beauchamp as a friend, for

his advice upon an affair of the utmoſt importance. An unfortunate miſunderſtanding, he ſaid, had ariſen between himſelf and young Mr. Blake, from a circumſtance that happened at the coffee-houſe at Doncaſter, where they had accidentally met. "And," continued Percival, "I am told, Mr. Beauchamp, that "Mr. Blake actually threatens to pull me "by the noſe the next time he meets me, "wherever it may be. Now what would "you adviſe me to do in ſo difficult a "caſe?"

"Why indeed," ſaid Beauchamp, after a few moments ſerious and ſolemn reflection, "I would adviſe you, Mr. Altham—"I would adviſe you—to ſoap your noſe, "and then it will ſlip through his fingers."

"Egad, and ſo it will!" exclaimed Percival in a tranſport; "I never heard a "better idea in my life. Then you know "it will turn the laugh of the company "upon him, he! he! he! I thank you "very kindly indeed, Mr. Beauchamp, I

" never heard a better idea, I ſhould never
" have thought of it myſelf,—make an ad-
" mirable incident for my next comedy."
And away he ſkipped laughing and highly
delighted. So no more at preſent, dear
Mr. St. John,

From your very affectionate

LIONEL STANHOPE.

...HARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL * THE TA...

LETTER XXI.

Orlando St. John *to* Lionel Stanhope.

Woodbourne, November 16.

Why, Lionel, never till now, during the whole courſe of our acquaintance, did I know thee to utter ſuch an exclamation as Heighho!!! How inexpreſſibly ſtrange was the ſenſation it gave me when I read it, and how ardently did I long to have ſeen thee at the moment of writing it. Lionel Stanhope in a thoughtful, nay, almoſt in a melancholy mood! Upon my ſoul I ſhall expect next to become thoughtful and melancholy myſelf. But would that I could ſee thee; I ſhould expect to find in thee much curious matter for ſpeculation; and ſpeculation, as thou knoweſt, Li., is the very delight of my heart.

I dare ſay thou haſt not forgotten the very fine vein of philoſophical inveſtigation on the nature of man, his powers, and faculties, into which I was launching on the morning after my laſt arrival at Kilverton, as we ſauntered together through the wood, and which thou didſt ſuddenly cut ſhort, by diſcloſing the pretty plan juſt hatched between thee and couſin Harry. I was entering on theory, thou wert all for practice, and while I was ſpeculating on the inventive powers of man, thou, by way of illuſtration, did'ſt bring me an example of what extraordinary inventions ſome minds were capable.

But now, I warrant thee, thou would'ſt theoriſe with me as rapidly as the flow of ideas could carry us on; would'ſt deſcant on love, its hopes, its joys, its apprehenſions, with all the ſcientific preciſion of an old votary of the little ſpiteful deity. For that thou art in love, Mr. Li., I am perfectly ſatisfied, though faith I can by

no

no means decide whether the heart be the moſt devoted to beauty, or to intellect. I hope not to the former, for know, Sir, if this be the caſe, thou and I muſt meaſure ſwords, or pop bullets upon the matter, ſince even to thee I cannot tamely reſign the incomparable Eliza.

Ha! ha! ha! Lionel Stanhope heartily in love! What canſt thou do with thyſelf, Li.? Fancy pourtrays thee to my mind ſtrolling about with folded arms and eyes fixed on the earth, inſenſible to every object around thee, unleſs old Thunder perchance ſhould attend thy wanderings, and then I could fancy thee ſuddenly ſtarting, claſping him to thy boſom, kiſſing him with extaſy, and calling him thy Eliza, or thy Olivia; and indeed Thunder, to do him juſtice, has beauty enough for the one, and underſtanding enough for the other. Or, perhaps, thou art writing woeful ballads to "*thy miſtreſs's eye brow,*" or compoſing piteous ejaculations to the mighty Cupid, praying the Godhead to compaſſionate thy

ſorrows, and render thy fair propitious to thy vows.

Well, gladly would I haſten to Kilverton to contemplate thee in this ſtate, and, as a ſubſtitute for Thunder, to let thee woo me as thy Olivia, but hence I cannot ſtir at this moment, as my father is ſtill unable to move, and I am therefore an important perſonage in the family.

Looking over the Memorabilia of Scarborough this very morn, I chanced to find the following ſonnet, even in the handwriting of the lovely Charlotte herſelf. It had by ſome means ſtraggled from my general repoſitory of her productions, and got among ſome other papers of a very different nature, but the moment I eſpied it, I claſped it to my boſom, exclaiming,

> Oh learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer,
> That knew the ſtars as I theſe characters!

I read it over with tranſport, and imprinted on it a tender kiſs, for well did I remember the time and ſpot in which 'twas written,

written, as well as the occasion that called it forth. It was an instance of intolerable selfishness in Peggy Perkins, and the only one for which I will readily pardon her, since it produced such an effusion from Charlotte's pen.

TO SELFISHNESS.

Oh Selfishness! whene'er thy blasting pow'r
Obtains a fatal influence o'er mankind,
How does it root each virtue from the mind
And bid stern desolation round it low'r!

As the great Upas upon Java's shore
In solitude, from all the world disjoin'd,
With pois'nous vapours fills each passing wind,
And withers tree and plant, and herb and flow'r,

So, Selfishness, within the human breast
In dreary solitude thou reign'st alone,
Since no innocuous plant can ever rest
Within the atmosphere around thy throne?
Thou fiend, who hast within thyself comprest
Ten thousand hateful vices all in one.

Match me this if thou can'st, Lionel, with any effusions of thine own. For my own part I am so sensible that every thing pro-

duced by my pen muſt appear poor and inſipid after it, that I merely add the only thing I hope you never will find inſipid from me, the aſſurance that I am with the greateſt ſincerity,

Thy affectionate

ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

LETTER XXII.

LIONEL STANHOPE, *to* ORLANDO ST. JOHN.

Kilverton, November 20.

No, Orlando, I have not been writing "*woeful ballads to my miſtreſs's eye-brow,*"—neither have I written a ſonnet to ſelfiſhneſs, ſince that is a being unknown at Kilverton, but I have been writing one in a very different ſtrain, as you ſhall hear.

TO A JACK-ASS.

Poor patient ſufferer of life's keeneſt woes,
Condemn'd in ceaſeleſs toil to paſs thy days,
While man for all thy drudg'ry nought repays,
But harſh abuſe and ſtill ſeverer blows.

Whoſe life is ſtill a ſtranger to repoſe!—
Be mine to pour to thee the votive lays,
Since much my pity's mov'd when it ſurveys
The hardſhips, which thy wretched life compoſe;

And oft thou doſt remind me too with pain,
  Of thoſe who toil untir'd their whole lives through,
In ſcience' paths, ſome good for man to gain,
  Yet whom the ſhafts of malice ſtill purſue,
While the mere *negatively* good obtain,
  The praiſe to *active* virtue only due.

And think you, Orlando, that ever love-ſtricken ſwain before me, when he ſought to woo the virgin ſiſters made choice of ſuch a ſubject?—and will you now believe that the portrait your fancy has ſo ingeniouſly drawn of my ſolitary wanderings bears any reſemblance to the original.

Poor Jacky!—It certainly was, however, during a ſolitary ramble that thou didſt attract my attention!—Whether my arms were folded or not, I really cannot tell, neither can I aſcertain with preciſion the exact direction of my eyes, but thus much will I confeſs, that I had ſtrolled on perfectly unknowing whither my footſteps were conducting me, when ſuddenly to my no ſmall ſurprize, I found my progreſs arreſted

arrefted by the gate at the extremity of my dear father's territories, which opens from the wood upon Kilverton common, and is not lefs than three miles from the houfe.

And do you afk me on what fubject my thoughts were occupied all this time?—Orlando, I proteft upon the faith of a gentleman, I do not know myfelf.

But at the gate I halted, for over the upper bar the poor long-eared drudge had raifed his head at my approach, as if defirous of pouring out the forrows of his full heart into my fympathetic bofom. And methought he complained that his brute of a mafter, after working him hard all day, had fent him with a heavy clog on his foot, to pafs the night in that barren fpot, where no mortal afs could find herbage fufficient to fatisfy the cravings of his hunger. "Ah, poor wretch!" faid I, ftroaking his long ears, and patting his fhaggy coat, but upon my honour, without the leaft idea that he was either Eliza

or Olivia, "thou art not the only hapless being in the kingdom, who, after twelve hours of painful drudgery, neither can obtain a comfortable meal to recruit his exhausted strength, nor a decent bed whereon to rest his wearied limbs! But thy hardships shall be alleviated as far as lies in my power!—Would to God it were equally within my ability to relieve all thy fellow-sufferers!"

I immediately drew a bundle of hay from a rick belonging to Sir Francis, not far from the gate, and gave him to eat, till he appeared satisfied, and expressed his gratitude by a loud and sonorous bray. "Ah!" thought I, "'tis an uncouth way of uttering thy feelings, but thou hast done thy best, and the most exquisite warbler could do no more." I then threw him over more hay for a breakfast the next morning, on which, as if to secure it from marauders, he lay down to repose. Seeing him thus cheered, I turned

ed homewards, and by the way invoked the ſiſters nine to aid me in immortaliſing his ſorrows. Perhaps they ought rather to have been made the ſubject of an epic poem, than of a mere ſonnet, ſince there certainly was a beginning, a middle, and an end, in his adventures, well adapted to the Epipœa. His being thrown on the barren common after a variety of toils and adventures, his recounting his tale of woe to me, and laſtly the relief of his woes by my athletic arm, and his reſting in peace and compoſure, would have furniſhed the proper diviſions to compoſe a ſublime whole.

Now, tell me, Orlando, could any thing be more truly ſentimental, than this tranſaction?—But who can have paſſed three months at Campbell-Houſe, without learning to conſider every thing poſſeſſing life and animation as a brother. Yet, though I now feel my ſoul more expanded than formerly towards all nature, I hope there never was a moment of my exiſtence, when

I ſhould

I ſhould not have ſhewn the ſame kindneſs to this poor animal.

Nor did my muſe ſtop at this one ſonnet. Having once obtained the company of the maids of Helicon, I would not let them off ſo eaſily, but perceiving the ſun all at once burſt forth in meridian ſplendour, after having for many days been totally hidden from our ſight by a maſs of envious clouds, I gave my pencil a ſecond flouriſh and wrote:

TO THE SUN.

Fountain of light, and heat, reſplendent Sun,
With joyful heart thy glad return I hail!
I ſeek not now thy noon-tide beams to ſhun,
Nor woo, to check their force, the paſſing gale.

Thy long concealment's taught me how to prize,
More fully prize, the ſplendour of thy reign;
I ſee thee now with more admiring eyes,
Than when thy conſtant ſmiles illum'd the plain.

So when th' enamour'd youth, who from his fair
Has long been abſent, once again beholds
Thoſe ſparkling beauties which his heart enſnare,
And to his breaſt her charms once more enfolds,

He

He owns he ne'er before like raptures prov'd,
Nor, till her abſence, knew how much he lov'd.

And I know not how many more ſonnets I might have written, had I not perceived that I had already deviated from the legitimate to the illegitimate, and I thought that if the maidens were in this capricious humour, and had a mind to play tricks with me, their next frolick might be to make me produce one after the ſtill more illegitimate faſhions of modern days, in blank verſe perhaps, or in five or ſix ſtanzas of ballad meaſure—ſo telling them that I would not be made their ſport in that way, I put up my pencil and bade 'em begone.

In my laſt effuſion, however, as you will ſee, Orlando, ſome traces of the lover do appear, and ſuch will be my feelings when—yes, that muſt be when I ſee Eliza de Clairville again, for ſince *ſparkling beauties* are the queſtion, it can have no reference to Olivia. And if, Mr. St. John, in conſequence of this declaration, you think it

abſolutely

abſolutely neceſſary that we ſhould meaſure ſwords upon the matter, behold me ready for the meeting at any time and place you will appoint, and old Jerry ſhall be my ſecond.

Our invitation is accepted by Olivia, with expreſſions of very great pleaſure in the idea of paſſing her winter in South Audley Street. I wonder whether any part of that pleaſure is to be attributed to the idea of being in my company. Be that as it may, I expect this viſit to be deciſive of my future deſtiny. Heavens! ſhould I at laſt be united to a woman whom I ſo long reſolutely refuſed even to ſee!—Will any thing that can happen to me afterwards, appear extraordinary?—I proteſt I ſhould hardly believe my own ears, were I to hear myſelf repeating, "*I Lionel, take* "*thee Olivia.*"

I forgot to mention in my laſt, that Peggy Perkins, who was to have accompanied the Tichfield's to London, a few days before they left Campbell-Houſe,

took

took a ſudden freak into her head that ſhe never enjoyed her health in that region of ſmoke and noiſe, ſo decamped in a great hurry to a *dear friend* at Leeds, with whom, as ſhe ſays, ſhe intends to paſs the winter. The true occaſion of this haſty movement is, however, ſuſpected to be, that ſhe learned lately by a letter from this *dear friend*, that Mr. Peters, who has long been endeavouring to get an engagement in ſome theatrical corps, has lately ſucceeded, and is now actually in a courſe of performing at Leeds. Till Peggy learned this, ſhe was always talking with delight of paſſing the winter in London, and recounting with a ſort of triumphant exultation over the young ladies at Doncaſter, who are ſtrangers, alas, to the delights of the metropolis, the conſtant round of gaieties in which ſhe ſhould be engaged.

As ſoon as Chriſtmas is over, and the feſtivities with which the manſion of Kilverton always abounds at that ſeaſon, are

cloſed,

closed, we shall adjourn to London. A period expected with some impatience, by

Yours most truly,

LIONEL STANHOPE.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.